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MAY 1, 1972  
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May 1, 1972



# WOODWIND

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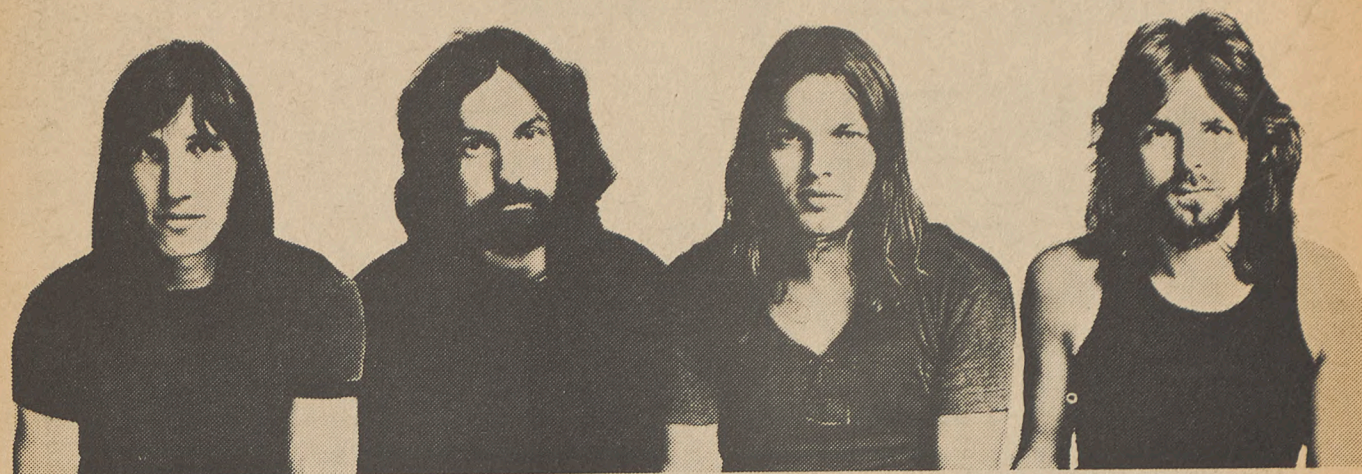


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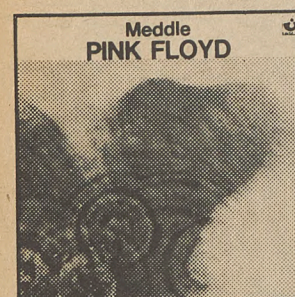


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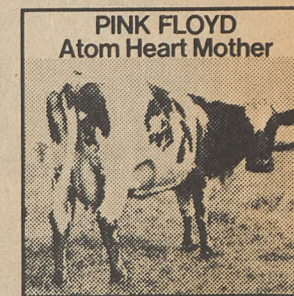
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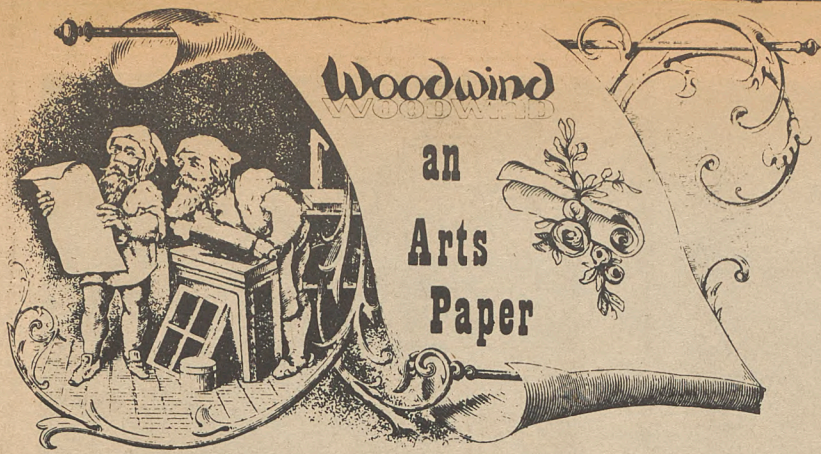


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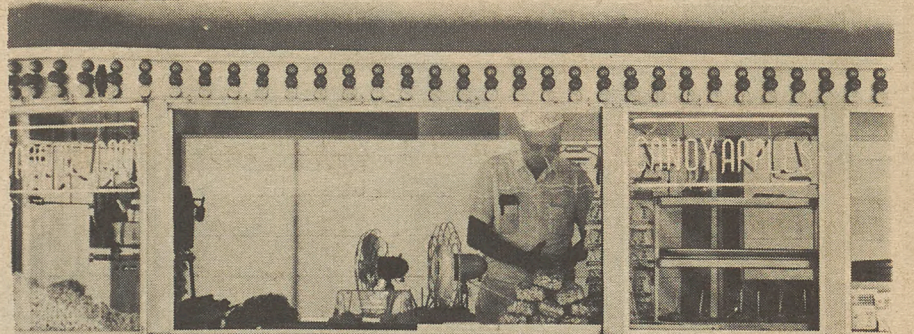
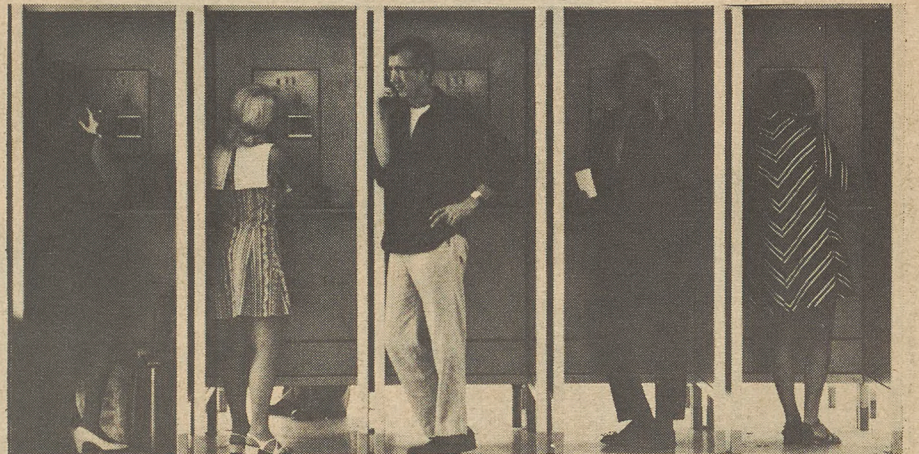
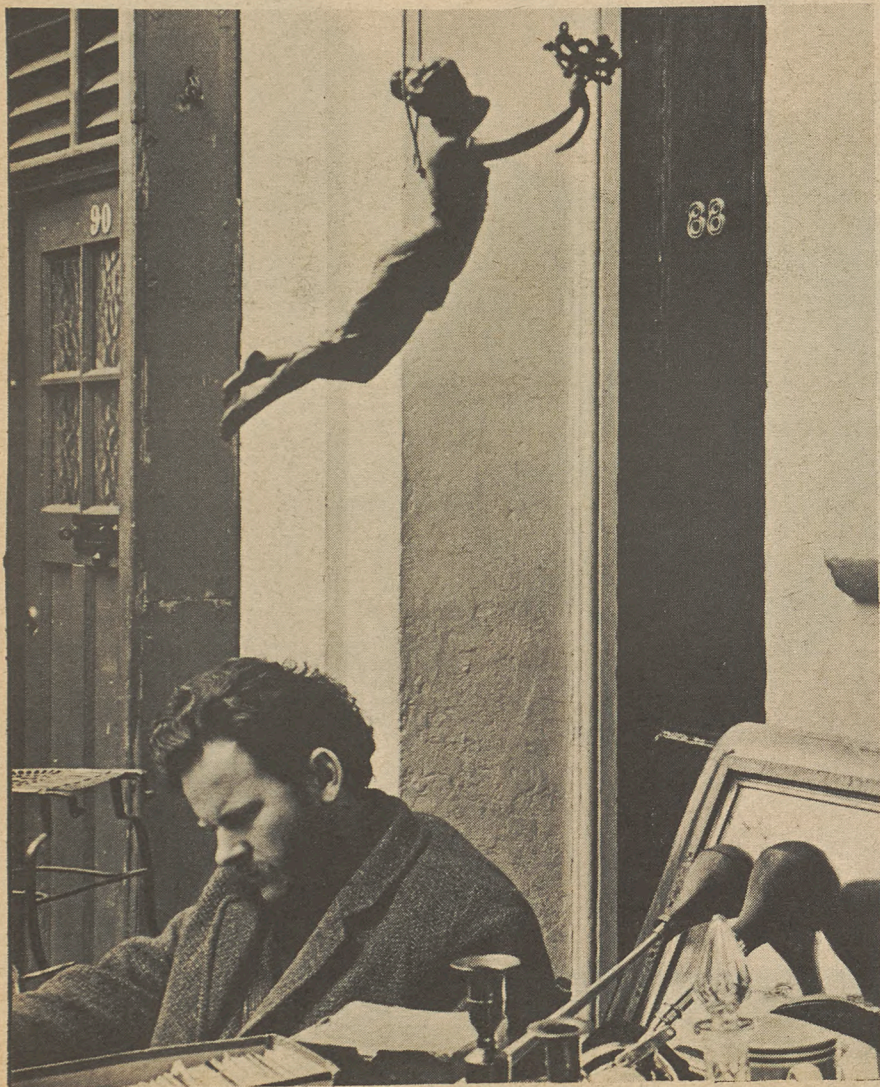
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May 1, 1972

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# PERFORMANCE



DANCE IN WASHINGTON — TWO VIEWS

By Roger Meersman

The American Ballet Theatre at the Kennedy Opera House, April 3-April 16. Ballets reviewed: Swan Lake, Les Sylphides, Dark Elegies, grand pas de Deux from Don Quixote, The River, and Giselle.

The American Ballet Theatre opened its last two weeks of its current season at the Kennedy Center with balletomanes all over Washington worried that the feud between Roger Stevens, Chairman of the Center, and Sherwin Goldman, president of ABT would cause ABT's initial season in Washington to be its last. It quickly became apparent to audiences that Washington was witnessing two weeks of ballet of such diversity and artistry that any attempt to deny the nation's capital a season of one of the two greatest dance companies in America should be met with outrage and indignation by all those concerned with the cultural life of the area.

The company opened its stand with a marvellous, rarely seen full length four act production of Swan Lake. Based on the original choreography of Marius Petipa and Lev Ivanov, the ballet has been immeasurably strengthened by the changes made by David Blair, who, while not destroying the original aura which always surrounds Swan Lake, has nevertheless, considered the ballet as a total theatre piece. Thus, Blair's revised choreography clarifies and delineates the story line and the motivation of the characters to a higher degree than had older versions.

In dancing the dual role of Odette-Odile, Cynthia Gregory was able to demonstrate her complete mastery of two different characters. In both, she showed her incredible gift for phrasing whole ideas and moods in such a manner that the meaning and intent are perfectly understood, but at the same time, there is that lovely unbroken line of nuance and suggestion that constantly moves the role forward. Her technical skill and strength are outstanding and were particularly evident in the famous 32 fouettes in Act III. She was especially effective in contrasting the sharp, and at times brittle coolness of the white acts of Odette with the languid warmth and fluidity of Odile's third act.

The care with which each member of the company conceived his role could be seen strikingly in the manner in which each of the six princesses who come to the ball are able to take the same choreography and individualize it according to her own body type and personality. Thus, instead of having six indistinguishable dancers, we had, with the same choreography, one princess who was coy, another haughty, while yet another disdainful, etc.

Living up to its name as a ballet theatre and not a dance company, the total theatrical effectiveness of the ballet was demonstrated in the elaborate but perfectly suitable staging, settings, and costumes. Who will ever forget the subtlety of the myriads of colors in Freddy Wittop's costumes, culminating in the two regal and majestic costumes for Lucia Chase the mother of the Prince.

ABT's mastery of the white ballets was demonstrated in its version of Les Sylphides, which was the last to be personally supervised by Michel Fokine and thus, stands as the definitive version of the work. One of the most popular of the white ballets, it is regarded as the supreme test of the dancer's style, form and poetic expression, and John Prinz more than met the challenge. In contrast to Ivan Nagy who half-heartedly committed himself to the role of Prince Siegfried in Swan Lake, Prinz adopted a simple, no-nonsense attitude toward the role which allowed him to concentrate upon the dancing and to develop the role purely with no false encumbrances of feigned emotion or sensitivity. Unfortunately, the one element that seemed to be lacking from his dancing is the ability to evoke a strong kinesthetic reaction in the audience.

Following Les Sylphides, ABT completely changed course and performed Anthony Tudor's one act modern ballet, Dark Elegies. Created in 1937, Tudor's choreographic invention is so profound and the dancing of the company so secure that one has no sense of time associated with the ballet. The ballet tells no story, but establishes a mood of grief as expressed by the music of Gustav Mahler to which he set five poems of Friedrich Ruckert, written upon the death of his two children. Much of the effectiveness of the performance has to be credited to William Metcalf who sang the "Kindertotenlieder." The ballet works its effects slowly upon the audience, starting with a solo by Sallie Wilson, probably ABT's finest dancer-actress. Gradually, we are moved inward toward a profound expression of grief, until, as the ballet is reaching its end, we are no longer viewing a dance, but participating in an ancient ritual of catharsis. Only a company as strong in superb dancers as is ABT would dare, on the same program to contrast the cool lyricism of Les Sylphides with the powerful emotional demands of Dark Elegies.

In every ballet company's repertoire there has to be a couple of pas de deux that unashamedly and unabashedly tell the audience that they are going to see bravura dancing. The Grand Pas de Deux from Don Quixote as danced by Eleanor D'Antuono and Ted Kivitt accomplishes everything for which it is designed. Tall, big, exceedingly strong and masculine, Kivitt tells the audience that "I'm good, so enjoy me" and enjoy him they do. The audience responds directly to his show of energy and force with unbridled enthusiasm. What better contrast than a cute, pert, beautiful dark-haired ballerina with a radiant smile who says "I'm as good as he is, so now just watch me!" Her dazzling displays of seemingly effortless pirouettes and jetes beautifully balanced Kivitt's soaring jumps and

tours l'en air. Such self assurance and confidence coupled with superb and faultless technique produced the cheers it well deserved.

In one evening the ABT had danced Les Sylphides, Dark Elegies and a Grand Pas de Deux. Most ballet companies would have been satisfied to demonstrate such diversity, but just in case the audience had any doubts that ABT is a world-renowned company, the evening closed with a venture into a whole new idiom of dance and music, particularly contemporary and specifically American. To a new jazz score of Duke Ellington, the noted black choreographer, Alvin Ailey created The River "... of birth — of the well-spring of life. ... of reaffirmation. ... of the heavenly anticipation or rebirth. ..."

Using mainly the young members of the company, the dance was perfectly suited to a contemporary view of human relationships constantly in a state of flux. Employing a vocabulary of dance movement foreign at many times to classical or modern ballet, the spirit, understanding and humor of the dancers allowed the often times basic and raw emotions of the choreography to be honestly and effectively portrayed. A special rapport between the dancers and the audience developed that was only broken momentarily by Sallie Wilson's strangely disturbing dancing. Appearing at the very end of the dance for just a brief moment, she had problems of balance and loudly sighed in relief when her solo was finished. The River finished a glorious evening of dancing in which the audience had travelled through more than a hundred years of different dance styles.

Very seldom do Washington audiences stand up and cheer in the theatre, but ABT's final ballet of the season, Giselle, caused the audience to wonder in amazement at the fantastic accomplishments of ABT. Usually, the rude Washington audience is leaving the opera house before the final curtain is down, but with Giselle the audience rushed toward the stage after demanding 10 curtain calls for the Russian prima ballerina, Natalia Makarova. It is practically impossible to describe the brilliance and beauty of her dancing. The audience actually gasps at her amazing moments of balance and suspension when en pointe she seems not to be touching the floor.

The excitement caused in the audience by having a supreme dancer on stage is also reflected in the other dancers. Ivan Nagy, in the five years I have seen him dance, has never reached the heights that Makarova forced him to attain. Everything that could be asked from a male dancer was perfectly performed by him. In Swan Lake he had indicated the potential for great dancing, but not until Giselle had he fulfilled his promise. Here his bearing, and strength and sensitivity to the needs of his partner, perfectly complemented Makarova's Giselle. It is no wonder that the names Makarova and Giselle are synonymous, for who else could so perfectly embody the grace and delicacy demanded by the role.

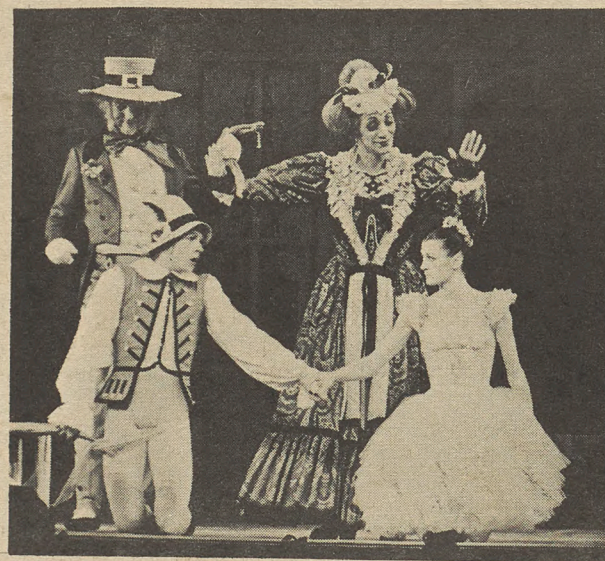
Every dancer on stage communicated to the audience that this was an evening of dance to remember, and it would only be truly fair to mention every single dancer's name. That being impossible, special plaudits must go to Marcos Paredes, Martine van Hamel, Naomi Sorkin and Karena Brock. There can be no doubt that ABT's first season in Washington immeasurably advanced the cause of dance and culture in the nation's capital and let us hope that next year the company's visit will be much longer.

The National Ballet at the Kennedy Opera House. April 21,22,23. Ballets reviewed: Swan Lake, Jungle, Three Preludes, Four Temperaments and Coppelia.

The National Ballet showed more courage than wisdom in allowing audiences to contrast its truncated one act version of Swan Lake with the complete four act ABT version. The effect is the same as if you were to read War and Peace in the Reader's Digest. In almost every possible way, it was a disaster. No one will deny the great contributions that Ben Stevenson has made to the National Ballet, but his appearance as a non-dancing Prince Siegfried was ludicrous. He looked as if he had just stepped out of a 19th century American "meller-drama" and was waiting for the train to run down his sweetheart. Surely the National Ballet cannot be that desperate for men, and audiences have the right to expect, especially considering the high prices, a prince who dances at least a couple of steps.

Only sympathy can be extended to Gaye Fulton who struggled valiantly to maintain her composure as a dancer, and to her credit it must be noted that she was successful in ignoring her prince most of the performance. Admittedly, it was difficult, what with his horrible grimaces and posturing.

After Swan Lake?, the program would seem to have to improve. But unfortunately, the audience had to suffer through as banal, pretentious, passe and sophomoric a ballet as has hit Washington in many years. Called Jungle and choreographed to insipid electronic music by Rudi van Danzig, the ballet may have been more effective in Holland ten years ago, but now it looks like the first work of a fledgeling choreographer who is trying to make the "Big Statement" about life. Unfortunately, van Danzig has such a limited dance vocabulary that he has to repeat just a few steps and variations so often that the audience is soon bored. Furthermore, none of the physical or muscular strength of the male dancers is well used. One gains the impression that the ballet was choreographed for women and then the men just repeated the women's steps. Even the conflict between the two "lions" was weak and tepid. It is to the National's credit that it is trying to increase its repertoire, but let's hope that Jungle will be allowed to expire quietly.



The company fortunately, got back on the right track with a poetic pas de deux — Three Preludes — inventively choreographed by Ben Stevenson and impressively danced by Susan Loehr and Dennis Poole, both of whom show great promise. Miss Loehr is tall and has a lovely long line that helps to give a special emotional projection to her dancing. Poole's youth and naivety, coupled with his strength and energy, supplied Miss Loehr with the perfect accompaniment for her charm. Their rapport was felt and enjoyed by the audience.



The highlight of the program was saved for the last — George Balanchine's *Four Temperaments* in which the National danced at the level expected of them. The company has always been exceptionally successful in the Balanchine ballets. They have the crisp precision of attack and execution that is needed.

The National, during the weekend, also inflicted its tired and worn-looking production of *Coppelia* upon the Washington audience. Year after year, we are confronted with a ballet that gets creakier each time it is performed. Oh that Stevenson could work his special brand of magic on this old war horse that he has on some of the new additions to the repertoire. However, there is always the saving grace of being allowed to watch the superb dancing of Marilyn Burr, and the wonderful pantomimic characterization of Dr. Coppélius by Frederick Franklin. In both *Four Temperaments* and *Coppelia* special mention should be made of the contributions of James Capp who danced the Melancholic solo and the Chinese Doll. One of the finest and most consistent of the male dancers for many years at the National, one can only hope that he will soon be given a major role that will allow us to more fully appreciate his clear, clean, precise dancing.

By Jay Alan Quantrill

The American Ballet Theatre has just completed their third and final series of Washington's 1971/1972 season, and it's as good a time as any to take stock of the company and its impact on the Washington Dance scene.

First there is the question of its basic relationship. It is called and designated the "official" company of the Kennedy Center, and therefore, it, by assignment is bound to play an integral part in the dance life of the nation's capital. However, it is not a resident company. It does not live here; nor do its members. They do not rehearse or maintain offices here, nor do they yet identify with the Washington life-style, whatever that may be. Still they are new to their role at Kennedy.

As far as Washingtonians are concerned, we must remember that the National Ballet is our resident company, and that the American Ballet Theatre is "official" at the National Center for the Performing Arts, which just happens to be in Washington. It's a fine distinction, but an important one. Just as the New York City Ballet is the resident company in that town, National is ours, and is, in fact, an equal measure to our emergence as a dance center.

The American Ballet Theatre was born out of a desire to put together the best of ballet's dancers, choreographers and designers from the various stylistic branches of the art, into a company which represented a store house for the classics and birth place for innovations in dance. There were originally three "wings" in the ABT; representing the Classical with Anton Dolin, the American with Eugene Loring and the New English with Antony Tudor. This eclectic organization was formalized in the second year of ABT's existence in 1940-41. Along with this expansiveness of purpose came the problem of homelessness. Never in its thirty-two years of existence, which has seen very good and very bad years, has the American Ballet Theatre had a home. They've travelled the length and breadth of this country, of Europe, and of South America. They've been to Russia, they've represented the American Culture in every corner of the world, and yet they remain homeless. They like to travel. Theirs is perhaps a wanderlust that is at the basis of the American personality; it is truly indicative of this company's attitude.

Of course, their engagements are longer; they are not the barn-stormers they used to be in the old days; they've outgrown that. Interestingly, this is the stage of development in which the National Ballet now finds itself, for the National Ballet plays many a one night stand in Scranton, Pa. or Palm Beach, Fla. But the ABT does one-week and two-week long engagements in major metropolitan areas. Actually, in case you hadn't looked at it this way, the ABT is here for three two-week series each season with eight performances per week for a total of 48 performances.

Speaking of statistics, the National Ballet has given us 36 performances of seven programs and 14 performances of the Christmas special, *The Nutcracker*, for a total of 50 performances this season in Washington. That's two more than the American Ballet Theatre, but since it's spread out, it doesn't seem so much. Thus with the addition of the ABT to the regular schedule, we've doubled the amount of dance seen in the regular Washington season. But, of course, there are special engagements like the Alvin Ailey for a week, the Harkness for a week, one night stands by modern dance groups Vilella and selected members of the New York City, and the Wolf Trap season, which has a total of 25 performances by Joffrey, New York City and Alvin Ailey.

So, in providing this area with one third of its yearly dancing, the American Ballet Theatre can be expected to begin to form a lasting relationship with the city. It is here because it is admirably representative of American ballet and deserves to be a regular member of the performing list at the National Center. It is not the threat to our beloved National Ballet as many have thought, but will spur it on to a larger program and will help to educate the local audiences by the diversity of the ABT repertoire and the admirable quality of the company as a whole. And now to the company.

The American Ballet Theatre boasts a list of 13 principal dancers, 18 soloists and 59 members of the corps de ballet. The principals have backgrounds in the Metropolitan Opera Ballet, the Swedish Royal Ballet, the London Festival Ballet, the Budapest Opera House Ballet, the Royal Danish Ballet, the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, the La Scala Opera House Ballet, the San Francisco Opera Ballet, the Kirov Ballet, the New York City Ballet, the Joffrey Ballet, and the National Ballet of Washington. In fact, one of the principals, Mimi Paul, was trained here in Washington; and another, Ivan Nagy, danced three years with the National where his wife is still a principal dancer. The soloists have background equally as impressive and varied, and the corps is coming right along. Speaking of the corps, in this their latest engagement, the ABT has relied heavily on the corps to fill out a number of casts list, and for the most part the cast has done them proud. Just such performances as Daniel Levin in *A SOLDIER'S TALE*, and *THEATRE*; and Jonas Kage filling one of the exceptionally difficult principal parts in the brilliantly bravura dance *ETUDES*, both to thunderously cheering audiences, and remember they are members of the corps. So too, John Sowinski was very well received in the leading part in *THEATRE*, as was Elizabeth Lee and Marianna Tcherkassky in the same ballet, and Warren Connover in the highly amusing role of Alain in *LA FILLE MAL GARDEE*. The soloists were also pressed into service to hold the leads in a number of ballets, proving that the company is a solid one and not completely dependent on its principals for good dancing. Particularly noteworthy were Zhandra Rodriguez who twice danced the lead in *LA FILLE MAL GARDEE*, which though her dancing was technically quite fine, demands (as it has been choreographed), much more of a confident actress-dancer than Miss Rodriguez is at this very early stage in what will certainly promise to be a success-filled career. Karena Brock, married to Ted Kivitt, is another of these most exciting of soloists. She has been dancing impeccably this season, and her precision and style are quite delightful. Many other soloists are dancing leading

roles and succeeding; however, there are cases where principal dancers are almost an absolute requirement. Obviously *SWAN LAKE* requires a principal ballerina and all three who danced it this series, Cynthia Gregory, Eleanor D'Antuoune, and the overwhelmingly magnificent performance by Natalia Makarova, were fantastic; but *LA FILLE MAL GARDEE*, which, though it is as close to nothing in the way of a ballet as we've seen the American Ballet Theatre perform, does require the talents and experience of a fully confident and mature ballerina and premier danseur. So true is this that only performances of *LA FILLE* in which D'Antuoune and Makarova danced held any interest whatsoever. And even the charming and hilarious character role of the witless dolt, Alain, when in the hands of Michael Smuin that most accomplished of character dancers, takes on the nuances of a fully realized danceable personality, as opposed to the enjoyable but rather perfunctory performance turned in by the corp members.

Another problem which sometimes arises even in a company of this size and stature, is that of bad partnering, the most glaring example of which was the performance of *SWAN LAKE*, with Cynthia Gregory and Ivan Nagy, a couple desperate in appearance and style. And though not strictly speaking a case of partnering, the performance of *FANCY FREE* with Terry Orr, Michael Smuin and John Prinz seemed imbalanced. And while Mr. Prinz' style seemed unusually stiff next to the other two, it must be said that his style and appearance did not blend with the others in capturing the jazzy nuances of the piece; perhaps this is due to his newness in the role. The policy of having a number of dancers who are prepared to dance the same role, and is a wise one except when a major principal dancer is advertised to dance a role and, becoming disabled, is replaced, not by another principal, but by a soloist or worse, a member of the corps. Not that these substitute dancers are incompetent, it's just that when an audience plans their attendance at a particular ballet to see a particular dancer, and unforeseen circumstances prevent the scheduled dancer from appearing, something better than a third string dancer should be put in it. And in many cases investigation proves that sufficient prior notice was available to schedule a dancer of more equal talent and experience. In fact, it should be noted that Carla Fracci, Erick Bruhn, Bruce Marks, Mimi Paul, and Royes Fernandez, were not seen in this last series. That's five out of thirteen and Eleanor D'Antuoune wasn't seen until the second week. Where were they? Dancing with other companies? They were missed. The corps has benefited, and in one case, a performance of *ETUDES* led by Karena Brock, who was brilliant, and Vane Vest, who are both soloists, and Jonas Jake, who is a corps member — in this case the lack of stellar names, I feel, brought a greater sense of ensemble work, and appreciation from the audience. They didn't wait to applaud for the star, they got rapt up in the whole thing, and, with the orchestra being led to a more fevered conclusion than I can remember, the whole experience proved to be quite overwhelming. But the issue is, where are all the principals?



A glance over the whole season brings to mind a number of notable performances. Most memorable is Natalia Makarova in *SWAN LAKE*. Miss Makarova has a way of taking a single movement, breaking it into a thousand pieces and blending them all back together again in a way that is truly mesmerizing. Her soli, though obviously paced for her preference, were spell binding. Carla Fracci was so perfect in her portrayal of the leading role in *GISELLE*, that it will be hard to surpass the charm, and moving élan of the Italian ballerina. Eleanor D'Antuoune's performance in *COPPELIA*, and her partner's, Ivan Nagy, amounts to the most beguiling of couples which the ABT presented to Washingtonians this season. Other moments of great balletic pleasure were seen in Keith Lee's performances in *THE RIVER* and *THE MOOR'S PAVANE*, Dennis Nahat's in *THE RIVER*, Michael Smuin as Dr. Coppélius in *COPPELIA*, and his Alain in *LA FILLE MAL GARDEE*, and almost anything else he chose to do. Karena Brock and Zhandra Rodriguez stand out for their performances in *ETUDES* and *LA FILLE*, respectively. Daniel Levins in *THE SOLDIER'S TALE*, and Jonas Kage in *ETUDES* have demonstrated the abilities that will take them far.

The most striking and intriguing new work of the season was Eliot Feld's *THE SOLDIER'S TALE*. Character and story, music and movement all were a perfect blend, to a thrilling and brilliantly dramatic end. William Carter who replaced the choreographer in the return performances of the piece, did not have the sense of angular intensity, or insidious definition that really make the role of the pimp into the electrically pervasive part it should be. Paula Tracy and Sally Wikson, as the prostitutes were perfect. Daniel Levins is a perfect leading soldier.

The single most moving ballet presented during their three series at the Kennedy Center, was *Les Noces*, choreographed by Jerome Robbins, perhaps America's best, to music by Igor Stravinsky, this ballet uses the ritualistic material found in the ancient customs and traditions of the Russian peasant weddings. Angular, primitive, emotionally profound, with a strange sense of barbaric elegance, this ballet, performed with a large chorus, soloists and a strange assortment of instruments required by the composer, is so thoroughly theatrical, from its sets and costumes, to the sounds and the sights which attack the audience, that it needs to be seen again and again to be fully appreciated. I do hope we see it next season.

A special mention should be made about the orchestra. Simply, and succinctly, Akiro Endo, seconded by David Gilbert, are a welcomed team. Watching them night after night, one senses the rapport they have with their musicians, and their sounds are testimony to their worth. Though the percussionist is sometimes distracted and the trumpeter occasionally lost, and assorted other single instances of the humanity of such an ensemble are sometimes evident, Endo usually brings the orchestra through when needed.

What more is there to say? That I hope never to see *LA FILLE MAL GARDEE* again, that I hope to see some more by Feld and others, that I hope next season brings a whole new crop of exciting ballets? Welcome American Ballet Theatre!!





"Brando is the actor of our generation."

# AT THE MOVIES

## THE GODFATHER

Towards the end of *The Godfather*, after two and a half hours of filtering technicolor-struck images of gore and beauty through my head, I came to the abrupt realization that there were people in the world who made their way through life treading on a bridge, as it were, of mutilated flesh and dismembered lives — that there were people who bought life by selling other people death.

For the first time, despite having lived among and read about such people all my life, this realization moved from the mind to the gut — and I was frightened. It was like riding over Quangtri province on a B-52, leaping on top of a 500 pounder a la the cowboy in *Dr. Strangelove*, and experiencing first-hand, in the moment before immolation, what the gut meaning of the Vietnam war is. It was like the sudden gut understanding of our domestic policies that comes from a whack in the kidneys by a billyclub. First, we understand, and then if we're lucky, we comprehend. I think I now comprehend, even if only vicariously, something of the nature of the Mafia, and I have *The Godfather* to thank for it.

Despite these observations, I think it's specious to suggest that Francis Ford Coppola is trying to metaphorize the American affinity for violent death by means of a brilliantly entertaining film involving Sicilian-Americans. Take it that way if you want, I enjoy doing it as much as any man, but I think Coppola and Paramount simply intended to make a good picture about the American Mafioso. I also think it's equally specious to suggest, as some reviewers have done, that Coppola cheapened his art by bringing down to the level of entertainment. The truth is, that in the process of making a piece of superior entertainment, he occasionally managed to raise it to the level of art.

The art in it for me was the emotion described above which filmically worked because of the constant repetition of sickening, not to mention literally shattering images of bullets, garottes and knives doing violence to human flesh, or more tellingly, human sensibilities. If *Bonnie and Clyde* was one of the few films to show us that violence hurts those on the receiving end of it, *The Godfather* is the first film (to my knowledge) that shows us how violence — or to put it more bluntly — agony resulting in death — affects its perpetrators as well as its victims. In *The Godfather*, we know both killers and killed; not only know them, but feel for them, and there in lies its art, too. In short, the film is peopled with believable, humanly complex, flesh-and-blood characters, and a great many of them die horrible deaths in the course of the picture. Certainly there is gore and more gore, but there's no way to separate the gore from life or death, and that's where *The Godfather* engages our belief. If in characterization and motivation it is art, in style, the film is entertainment. I mean in the way the images are seen, photographed and cut: it is a skilfully directed epic technicolor popular film in the tradition of the films of the forties. And its failure, if you want to call it that — maybe shortcoming is a better word — is that Coppola does not fully synthesize style and content; it is too easy in this film to separate the filmic and emotional qualities. They should be inseparable.

A mental image of people scratching their heads and saying, "well, does he like it or not?" Yes, I liked it, yes, I think it's a good film, yes, I think my critical comments are perhaps overly refined; as it is an intelligent film, one is not very prone to vent the critic's normal sense of powerful outrage over petty matters. I liked it because it entertained me without insulting my intelligence. I liked it because of its acting: it's rare to see in one film two such powerful performances as given by Marlon Brando (as the Godfather) and Al Pacino (as the heir-apparent). I liked the way director Coppola used film; his revival of the montage, for example — a rarely seen device today. One in particular impressed me, a montage he uses to bridge the first half of the movie to the second: a series of impressionistic images that begins and ends with the sight of a fat Mafioso hit man lying on a rented bed in the lonely hours before the hit, interposed with an affectionately revived cliché of spinning newspaper headlines. I liked Coppola's sardonic, if sometimes too obvious, way of intercutting incongruous scenes — the murder of New York's Five Families interspersed with the grave proceedings of a Roman Catholic baptism (in which a solemnly devout Mafioso chieftain renounces the devil).

In the end, I suppose, it is the ironic juxtaposition of these incongruities that gives the film the complexity it needs to rise above merely parodying *Scarface* or *Little Caesar*. It is that complex density of events and people that causes us to be genuinely moved instead of being merely vicariously thrilled — and without all the words, I guess that's why I liked the film — I was genuinely moved by it.

And, of course, there's Brando's performance. I say 'of course' because it is obvious to just about everybody that Brando is the actor of our generation. I have never doubted that since I saw him in *The Wild One*, or *On the Waterfront* or *Viva Zapata*, his three greatest films, to my mind.

He is not an intellectual actor (like Olivier, for example) and for that reason, perhaps, his concepts of his parts are frequently silly — in the *Godfather* he stuffs his jowls with marbles or something, and as a result, can hardly talk, much less move his mouth, and instead of looking jowly, he simply looks marbly, in the belief, I think, that all Mafioso godfathers have wired jaws from too many smashes in the chops. Well, none of the other godfathers in the film have bumpy jaws and I've never seen any prizefighters (except for Anthony Quinn) who couldn't open their mouths when they wanted to. That small point aside, Brando brings to bear on this part, all of the intuitive brilliance that has distinguishes his acting; the uncanny ability he has to project a sudden, illuminating emotion occurs at exactly the right moment and charges his performance with power and subtle depth. I am thinking of his smile of pleasure, while lying almost dead on a hospital bed, when he realizes that his younger son will assume his crown; the grief he shows over the death of his oldest son, Santino (well-acted by James Caan), and his entire bravura death scene — he comes to a peaceful end while playing with his grandson in a sunny garden. It is a historically memorable scene, a classic, and it reminded me of other classic death scenes, his own, for example, in *Viva Zapata*, which is startling in its contrast. I was also reminded of the scene in Kurosawa's *Ikiru* where the old man is swinging on a child's swing in the snow — it had something of the same feeling — and the scene in the BBC adaption of the *Forsyte Saga* in which another old man — Jolyon Forsyte — dies in his sunny garden.

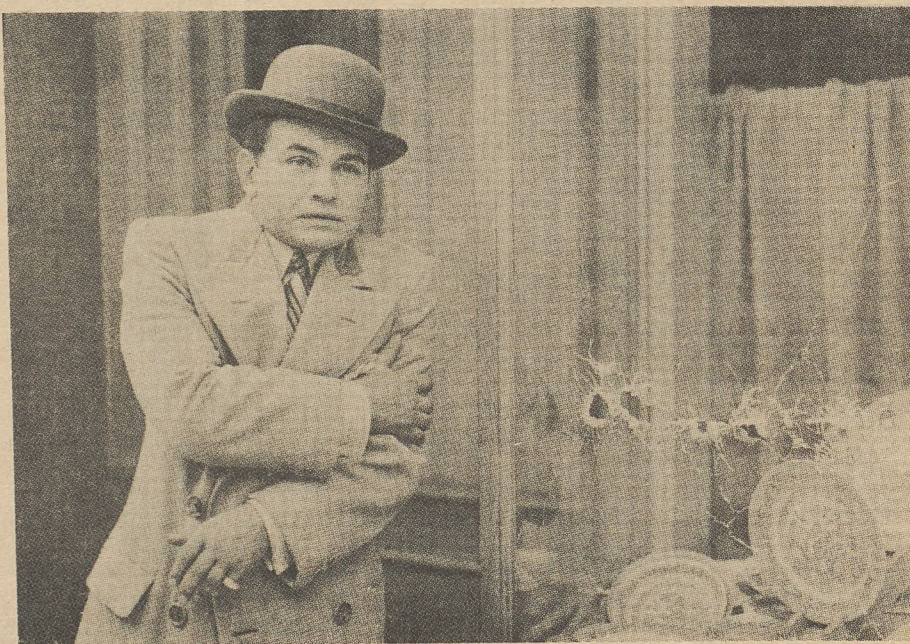
Al Pacino's performance as Michael Corleone, the godfather's youngest son, and at the picture's end, the new godfather, is more sustained than Brando's, without his highs and lows, and for that reason, for me, less memorable. Both are fascinating portrayals because they involve change — Brando metamorphoses from the ageing powerful don to a benign old man to whom power is just a memory, and Pacino evolves from an idealistic youth to a ruthless man who has substituted power for ideals. The evolvment is believable but low-key, sustained with a brooding intensity that is powerful in its singlemindedness, if less interesting because of its inflexibility.

There are many set-pieces worthy of special comment — a mock-lyrical Hollywood episode involving satin sheets and a severed horse's head and a Sicilian interlude that is lovely with its discursive pacing and a plaintive Sicilian brass music. To me, that music would have been a perfect score for the film — it embodies the resignation and melancholy sense of fate that seems to be inherent in the Sicilian character. But I suppose *Divorce Italian Style* did it first, and the music, by Nino Rota, incorporates Sicilian themes, anyway. But I think the original would have been stronger.

Speaking of Sicilian character, I still don't understand their concept of treachery. On the one hand, it seems unforgivable, on the other, widely practiced by one and all. One suggestion is that killing is 'business' and that other human involvements, especially those concerned with the sacrosanct family, are matters of honor, and violation of them constitutes true treachery, not killing an associate for 'business' reasons. That, plus the fact that the Mafioso incline to be tycoons these days have led some reviewers down the thorny path of seeing this film as an indictment of the mores of American corporate structure. Maybe so, but Dita Beard seems to be getting healthier every day. And if its one thing the business men in *The Godfather* do not do, it is to get healthier.

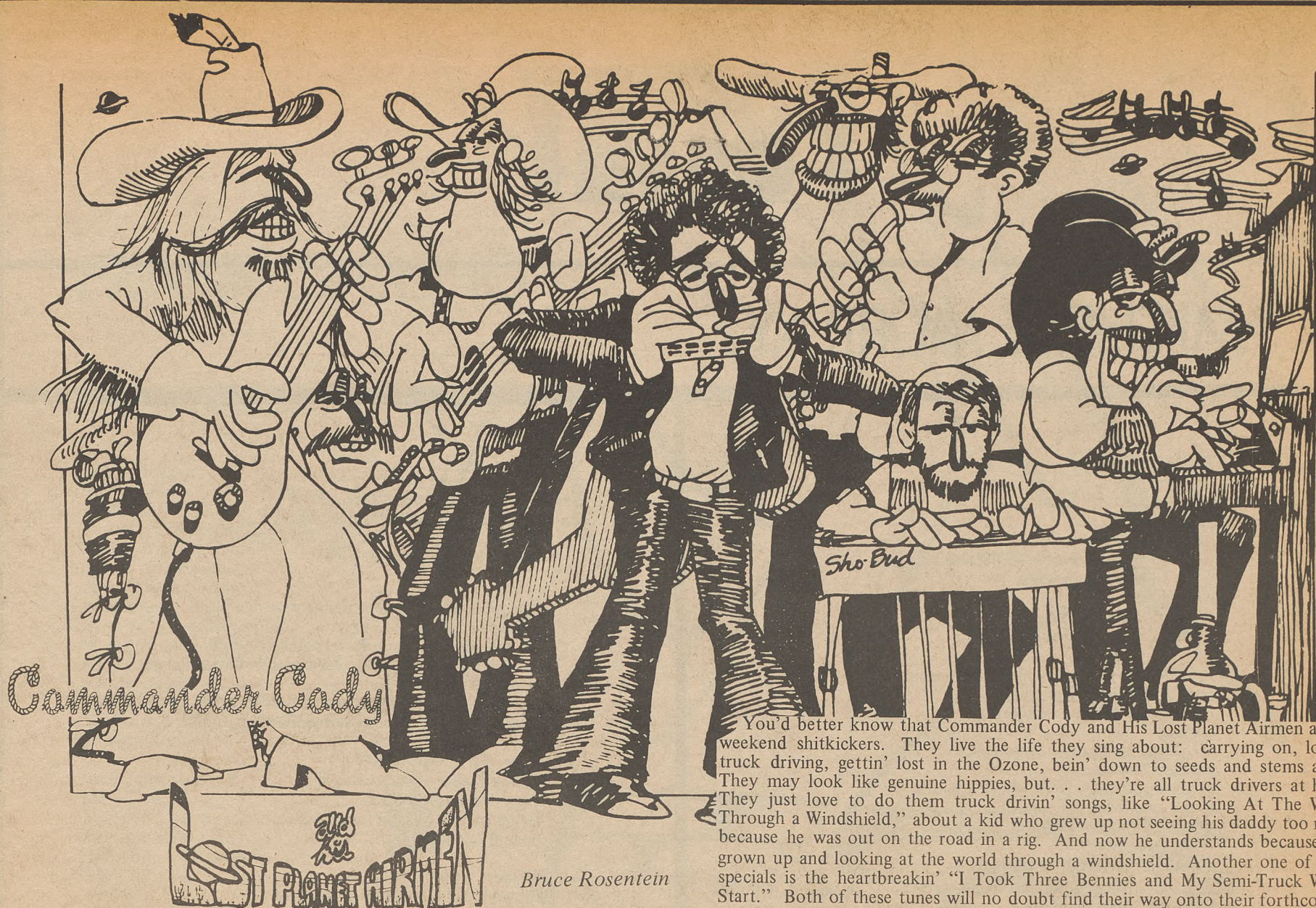
A natural sequel to the film seems to be "The Godmother," as the woman's role in the Family is only minimally sketched. The godmother is seen very occasionally, always serene despite the death of half her family. Diane Keaton plays the wife of the younger son (a role with a little more substance than that of the godmother) and she can also be seen as the romantic interest in Woody Allen's heart, in his new film, *Play it again, Sam* which will open in Washington later on in the summer. It's a very funny film, funnier than *Bananas*, I thought, so keep an eye open for it.

One last sociological note: as a result of *The Godfather* playing at the Republic theatre, white people have actually been seen in force at the intersection of 14th and U, northwest, for the first time in living memory. Maybe this film will bring together the races as well as banish our economic woes. That is, it is no longer a movie, but an industry, being destined to be the biggest money movie of all times. And the lines in front of the theatre are truly prodigious. So plan on being at least half an hour early if you want a seat.



"Above merely parodying *Scarface* or *Little Caesar*."





You'd better know that Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen are no weekend shitkickers. They live the life they sing about: carrying on, loving, truck driving, gettin' lost in the Ozone, bein' down to seeds and stems again. They may look like genuine hippies, but... they're all truck drivers at heart. They just love to do them truck drivin' songs, like "Looking At The World Through a Windshield," about a kid who grew up not seeing his daddy too much because he was out on the road in a rig. And now he understands because he's grown up and looking at the world through a windshield. Another one of their specials is the heartbreakin' "I Took Three Bennies and My Semi-Truck Won't Start." Both of these tunes will no doubt find their way onto their forthcoming album, *Hot Licks, Cold Steel, and Trucker's Favorites*.

What I realized last year at Emergency was that the Lost Planet Airmen were the type of band who couldn't help but become extremely popular once they got out on tour. Their live show would do any band proud. Most of the time Billy C. handles the emcee'ing, but there is a segment of the show where the Commander gets up from the piano where he has been hiding himself on the side of the stage and staggers to the center mike. At Maryland, Cody assumed lead vocal chores on "Hot Rod Lincoln," but unfortunately he didn't favor us with other favorites like "Stranded In The Jungle" or "Riot In Cell Block No. 9." Before his other tune, "Real Fine Chick," the Commander did his standard emcee rap, introducing the battle of the bands, "right here in the University lounge at no additional charge, to my right from Berkeley California, featuring Billy C. Farlow of Decatur, Alabama wearing the new cowboy shirt his mother sent him last week, and Buffalo Bruce Barlow, the Sons of the Rednecks!" Versus, to my left, from Oakland, California, Billy Kirchan, and John Tichy, the Greaseaires!"

After the song, and with much difficulty, Cody made it back to his piano unaided. Billy C. handled all the rock and roll singing, but most of the country stuff goes to Tichy, the rhythm guitarist who holds a Ph. D. in Hydraulic Engineering. He gets to sing one of the big crowd pleasers, "Diggy Diggy Lo," which features the crazy fiddling of Andy Stein, who is not only a great fiddler but also a mean sax player, or, as Tichy put it, "a dangerous thing to be in these times, a saxist." He demonstrated his sax ability on "Sea Cruise." Andy's looking a lot different these days, his hair has grown out a little, he's got himself a mustache, he's not wearing his glasses, and he isn't wearing his trademark raincoat, now he's wearing a plaid shirt just like the rest of the Airmen. Shit, he fits right in with them, no longer looking like a ninth grade math teacher who took a wrong turn at the stage door.

Tichy also sings lead on "Looking At The World Through A Wind Shield," "Seeds and Stems (Again)," Claude King's country oldie "Family Bible," and one of the Commander's faves, "Beat Me Daddy Eight To The Bar." The opening sounds on this one drove 'em wild.

Billy C., though, is the real master. Combining vocal styles of Buddy Holly and Eddie Cochran with the moves of Elvis Presley, Billy C. epitomizes what rock and roll is about. His rockabilly voice manages to breath new life into old rock standards like "Jailhouse Rock," "Blue Suede Shoes," (their encore), and Cochran's "Twenty Flight Rock." He also sings lead on "Lost In The Ozone" and the beautiful country ballad "What's The Matter Now" (Here's some easy listening music for you now). Stardom may be an inevitability for the whole band, but Billy C. will make it there first.

Other changes in the past year have been the departure of pedal steel guitarist West Virginia Creeper, who left to more deeply pursue country music. He's been replaced by Bobby Black, who except for his cowboy shirt, doesn't resemble any of the other Airmen. His hair is relatively short, and he's got the kind of hardened face that you would associate with someone like Merle Haggard. Appearances aside, though, he sure can play that pedal steel. He plays on all cuts, and gets featured on the "Steel Guitar Rag."

At Maryland's concert, the "Ozone Brass" was not used. The Ozone Brass is similar to Sky Cobb's "Hyattsville Horns." Billy C., Kirchan, and Stein form a horn section for some of the old rock tunes and maybe some blues (they do an incredible version of "Milk Cow Blues"). At Emergency the Brass was used on at least three or four songs but it wasn't used at Maryland at all.

So, friends and neighbors, Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen are the band to see if you like rock'n'roll and country and aren't afraid of having a good time. And the world can't be too bad off if Commander Cody can get a hit single. I sure hope they'll be comin' through this way again so people who missed them the first couple of times can go and get a taste of the Ozone Experience. Next time you see a truck out on the highway, or drink some cheap beer, or walk into a sleazy diner at three AM, I hope you'll think of Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen. They'll be thinking of you.

#### "WILL SUCCESS SPOIL COMMANDER CODY? I DOUBT IT."

The first time I saw Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen, last May at Emergency, it was one of the two or three best live shows I had ever experienced. I went around for weeks babbling to everyone I knew about how great they were. The day after the show I dug up the year old copy of *Rolling Stone* with the story on the band so I could re-read it now that I had seen them in action. All summer long I bugged the local Paramount Records promotion man about when their LP was being released.

One year later, and not only is there one album out, but another ready to go, plus a hit single, and I got to see the Commander again, at the University of Maryland. After facing up to numerous disappointments (a couple of other prospective area gigs didn't materialize, one with the New Riders, the other with the J. Geils Band; and I had to work the night they would be playing at American University), I got a hold of a ticket, put on my "Ozone" teeshirt, and headed out to Ritchie Coliseum.

What was going through my mind the day before the gig right up to the time they took the stage, was "Will success spoil Commander Cody?" After all, things have changed so much since that weekend last May. No longer are they merely cult heroes in just Berkeley and Ann Arbor, but people know and love them all over the country. They're not just playing in bars and parks these days, they're on a rigorous concert schedule, (at Maryland on Wednesday, Stony Brook University in New York on Thursday, A.U. on Friday, and a gig in Rhode Island on Saturday night.) And "Hot Rod Lincoln" is at the moment among the Top 20 records in the country, currently having sold over 1/2 million copies. So now it's not week long gigs, but concerts. A year ago at this time Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen couldn't pack the University of Maryland the way they did that night.

Last year at Emergency, for instance, if you came early, you could stand out on M street and watch as the Commander stood on the sidewalk with a couple of the Airmen while the rest of the crew manned a window on the second floor for a beer can fight. In between shots the Commander would offer information like "They threw us out of the motel last night. Accused John (Tichy, rhythm guitarist) of stealing towels. Can you imagine them accusing John of stealing? I can see them accusing me or Billy C. (lead singer Farlow), but not John." Or after the gig you could be standing around talking with the Commander when the road manager walks up to you and helps Cody out with a couple of pills. "Excuse me, I have to drive to Detroit tonight."

Concerts do have a way of preventing little things like that. So, I was a little curious if the Airmen would be as comfortable in a concert situation as they were in a small club. Happily, Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen were the same down to earth, drunken rock'n'rollers they were last year. After all, it was a natural that Billy C. Farlow would become a rock'n'roll star, and now that that is slowly becoming a reality he seems to be digging it. He's perfect, he's got everything; the looks, the moves, the voice. Combining his efforts to be the emcee and trying to stand up (he fell off the stage the first night at Emergency; I'm sure it's happened a lot before and since.) Billy C. is the ideal focal point for the large (eight members) band. Most of the time he likes to strum on his red electric guitar, which happens to be unplugged, but I like it better when he doesn't wear the guitar and just really moves when he sings, because few can do it like him.

The band was in classic drunken form. After the opening country instrumental, Billy C. informed everyone that "I have a confession to make, we're lost in the Ozone again" and they moved into their trademark tune of the same name. The Lost Planet Airmen are not a pure rock'n'roll band, or a pure country band. They do, however, manage to synthesize both forms quite well, and better yet make people honestly enjoy music that they might otherwise not want to hear. Let's face it, if you told someone that you were going to play them a record by Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys, they'd probably leave the room. But people will listen to Commander Cody play country swing music, and dig it, too. Because it's presented with so much fun, humor, and honesty.



# POETRY

## MICHELE MURRAY

### THE ABATTOIR

Hooked,  
these lovers of sun  
move toward each other in the flaying light.  
They convey sagging flesh  
clumsily  
minus its accustomed dress:  
a second skin to rebuke the first.

Bare-fleshed now, they hang in fat lumps  
around the straps and trunks  
that display tides of dissolution  
coming  
certain as the bodies themselves,  
paraded innocently  
in textbook order from wheeled babies  
to the limp wheeled paralytic  
following the sun with the remnants of his eyes.

Strewn on the sand, hands locked—  
you alone will save me! — they lie,  
shells for blood and bone,  
stranded porpoises at low tide  
going out in a daze of light  
and the hawking cry of flesh! flesh!  
against which they hood eyes and ears,  
snoring, stunned, half-asleep.

Shedding their insistent bodies  
only when some dream knives them away  
for a transforming moment,  
they gasp after such release  
like fish wild for return to the water's ease.  
Around them their naked children dance —  
new wine filling the skins —  
under the steady gaze of the drovers.

My place is in this line.

### INTO WILDERNESS

A spring of clear water.  
A dream of clear water.  
Water pouring from a pump  
breaking over stones  
flowing  
over pebbles  
over the unworded pain  
water  
pouring...

The eyes of the mind are closing.  
The mouth of the heart waits.  
The way back and down lies  
beneath the cycles of the blood.

What would you leave behind when you go?  
What do you look for  
And where?

One by one the masks  
float away with milkweed pods.  
Last autumn's colors rot upon the road.  
A sweep of trees pushes through the margins of the sky  
evergreens, white birch cluster in  
vistas of pines, moving, growing together  
over the old roads, the deep cellars  
wreathed in poison ivy, silted creeks  
drowned in leaves.

Back, back, back.  
Other scenes, other times, a land  
unbounded by the sworded angel  
unwebbed by any estranging flood  
where the silent hunter preys.

The cabin door opens, a dark room  
widens and waits.  
We will enter the mouth of motherly caves  
moving back through the walls and windows  
into what we came for.  
The kitchen fire streams at the stone hearth  
cold so long, an offering unmeditated by mind.

Turn and return to self  
as if self were a place, waiting.  
Turn and return on self  
in a spiralling motion that ends  
in exultant fall.

Flowers burst from stone.  
Flowers will be cradled in the land  
transforming the ruins  
heart ruins.  
Flowers that spring like water  
below the ground of our new enduring.  
Where they grow, we too  
in the long days, in the sentient hours  
slow vegetable life  
watched by animal eyes  
Ah!

And even again birds be welcome  
to drink the waters at this oasis  
of imagination, crossroads  
of meeting forms.  
The fruits of the field ripen.  
Our eyes clear not like the sky  
but like other eyes now only a hollow  
rounded in bone.

Back and down. Tension  
like a wire hums between us  
across trees, fields, hedges,  
the overgrown road, heartbeats  
invading the deepest woods.  
Silence all around. No lights.  
Only a faint rustling in the grass,  
a broken sighing of wind that grows,  
the steady drum of return.

Together we are crossing the river boundary  
offering ourselves. At our back the abandoned life  
ahead in the darkness pure expectation  
given name and habitation without speech  
and we are running...  
The clear water flows. You and I —  
and at that same moment looking down  
we see our faces doubled, fragmented,  
ripe with awareness, our eyes drop  
clothed with awareness — you and I —  
and moving with us into the wilderness  
the division line, broken by the river drift  
yet rising in its black fragments around us.

On our faces the mark of separation  
the eye that will be a hollow in the bone  
the shape that gave back to us itself  
full knowing  
knowing!  
Even sleep in our shrouded cave  
will strand us halfway  
waiting between time's slices  
on a wide unmarked shore.



# FRANK GATLING

## AS I GO BACK IN THE YAWN

As I go back  
In the yawn  
Of my years,  
Out of the blue-mouthed  
Plenty of my youth  
Comes the first hint  
Of that misty sweep  
Of distempered breath  
From that one wide pond  
And that one round hill  
Of the yellow years,  
The colonies of suns,  
Of the bright, spent drift  
Of the lower years  
Called young.

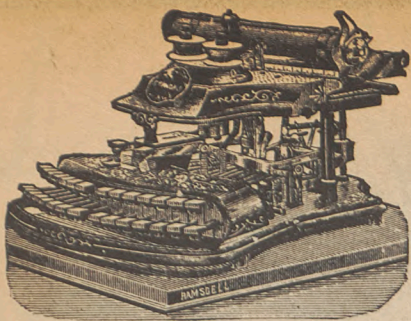
Now from the moth  
Of my maturity,  
I wander back  
To what seems  
A slightly less polished,  
More vigorous  
Preview  
Of my yearning  
To travel in the luxury  
Of my ideals, slide  
Down bannisters, elope  
At sundown, chide sleeping  
Schoolboys, and present arms  
In the officious glare  
Of the magistrate's window.  
Unbuttoned, I shrink before  
My failure to materialize.  
I, the homunculus,  
Abandoned in the loins.

Tomorrow, I shall start  
A new today, remaining,  
As ever, introverted,  
Malleable, inquisitive.  
My upper case impulses  
Will skim like hurtled slate  
Over that old youth's pond  
By the one round hill,  
As I return ever,  
Mounted by the past,  
To while away a grey hour  
And pass the teacups  
With my blue youth's image,  
The sacristy of my remembrance  
Bearing my unbold face  
Back to welcome home.

Free speech, a token  
Of my latter year reflections  
On my first, perhaps  
My only youth, is now  
A powdered, scurrilous worm  
In my new-mown mouth,  
Creeping palate of my  
Ember fanning memories,  
Speak now of the whole hog,  
Hog heaven of that one hill.  
And that one pond  
Which burn in the fires  
Of my agate temples,  
Freeze in the tower  
Of my bartered brain,  
Huddle in the peace  
Of my rotten resignation.







# BOOKS

**LATERAL THINKING** by EDWARD de BONO  
Harper & Row, 1972 \$8.95 cloth  
Reviewed by David Bowman

We used to be worried about stupidity. Now we have to worry about intelligence, which is infinitely more menacing as personified in experts. Nuclear physics has brought the hydrogen bomb; medical research has made overpopulation possible; engineering miracles have brought ecological disaster; financial and managerial genius have kept corporate and governmental monstrosities alive and growing.

We used to think reason would save the human race; now we know better. Stupidity may make a man drive a car after drinking; but only technological intelligence can enable him to kill himself with it at a hundred miles an hour.

Clearly, thinking has gotten us into a colossal mess. Could a different kind of thinking get us out of it?

LATERAL THINKING is a start, and not a bad start, but the book is more idea than realization. Less theorizing and twice as many examples would have made a far better book.

From its subtitle ("Creativity Step by Step") and the publisher's blurb ("push-ups for the brain") and another of Edward de Bono's titles (THE FIVE-DAY COURSE IN THINKING), I expected a sequel to THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING and THIRTY DAYS TO A MORE POWERFUL VOCABULARY. But it isn't. Not at all. The vivid application of some potentially fuzzy theories changed my mind. It is not a coffee-table book; it is a book to be read and passed around for everyone interested in education, radical re-thinking, insight restructuring, and attacking the mess we are in now.

I will not spend any time trying to differentiate 'lateral thinking' from 'vertical thinking', mainly because I don't think the distinction or the labels themselves are of any significance. What de Bono does is to illustrate alternative strategies of thinking. "The most basic principle of lateral thinking is that any particular way of looking at things is only one from many possible ways. (p. 63)." He may have lifted the idea from the cubists; nevertheless, he's quite right. We always face a problem head on, with a limited perspective, and the devil takes the hindmost. So we invent something, believing the problem is solved, and forget about the side effects, or the consequence to the environment. We never go on to generate other strings of alternatives.

For example, our problem might be to divide a square into four equal pieces. We should not rest with one solution if a dozen solutions are possible. As de Bono points out, "the mind is a cliché making and a cliché using system" (p. 38): it selects the commonest solution first because the 'cliché' (literally, an electrotype duplicate) is readily available. We stop our search as soon as we find a solution that works. The cliché-solution of technological progress is to stick an electric motor to any tool: the result is electric carving knives and electric toothbrushes.

Along with generating alternatives, there are other strategies suggested: 1) challenging all assumptions, 2) the 'why' technique, 3) design problems, 4) fractionation and shifting focus, 5) reversals, 6) brainstorming, 7) analogies, and 8) exposure to random stimulation. None of these strategies are new—they already exist in our American experience as well as in de Bono's British experience—but de Bono had the wit to put them together.

Generating alternatives has been compressed into our proverb "There's more than one way to skin a cat."

Senator Proxmire, one of the few creative men in Congress, has challenged as many assumptions as the rest of his colleagues put together. He says we should have a 'zero budgeting' scheme. Instead of a government unit building next year's request on last year's appropriation, it should be challenged to justify every cent from zero up. Thurman Arnold taught us we can't afford 'the folklore of capitalism' any longer. And we can't afford labels like Miss, Professor, and Fascist. Labels are like convenience foods and instant this-or-thats: no preparation (thinking) or cooking (judgment) is needed. Avoiding such labels will help us avoid the cliché-convenience and oversimplification or misperception of the individual realities beneath labels.

The great masters of the 'why' technique are children, or the makers of riddles and elephant jokes. (Why do ducks have flat feet? To stamp out forest fires. Why do elephants have flat feet? To stamp out burning ducks.) Everything deserves a why, but especially everything done by government! business! universities! experts!

Free-wheeling solutions to design problems show that nonsense and immediate impossibilities may lead ultimately to creative good sense. But as de Bono points out, "Education is soundly based on the need to be right all the time. (p. 108). Therefore we tell our children not to be original, or inventive, or fantastic, or impossible, or wrong. Compare the art of a child before he has been given 'education' in art and see what's been lost, censored out, and reformed. Give us a chance and we will creativity every time.

The corollary to de Bono's statement about mind is that our schools are cliché making and cliché using systems. Because clichés are much easier to live with: they don't upset us or make trouble. Clichés are the Silent Majority of the mind; Law and Order for our actions.

In another recent book, THE DOG EXERCISING MACHINE, de Bono showed the fine play of mind possible when children are let loose with design problems; in doing so, he shows his kinship with the work of Jean Piaget, who realized about fifty years ago that the best way into cognitive studies was studying

the pre-rigid thinking of children. Another reason why we must be born again.

Fractionation as de Bono describes it is not so much divide-and-conquer as divide-and-rearrange, for a new perspective (like what the aeroplane did to landscape painting), or for finding the 'point of entry' or 'shifting focus', as in the strategy of reversals. Seeing the cop control traffic is less important than seeing traffic control the cop. What else makes him flail his arms and blow his whistle? People who know animals know that the tail does wag the dog.

Great men of wit like Wilde and Shaw were lateral thinkers for these very reasons. They had great skills in spatial relations; they could turn something around, inside out, upside down, and so on and imagine what it would be like then: "There are two great tragedies in life: one is to lose your heart's desire, the other is to gain it." So am I reviewing this book or is this book reviewing me?

Brainstorming is certainly not new, and has been institutionalized as 'group therapy' and 'operations research', ever since we found it could unhook our hang-ups or cook up something totally new like radar and the A-bomb. But the trick (de Bono says) is to keep the flow free from restraints like "That wouldn't work because..." or "It's already been tried."

The great thing about group think is its unpredictability: everyone is constantly exposed to random stimulation and analogies. Sometimes a random word is enough to smash into a problem and jar loose all kinds of ideas, energy, and new direction, especially when cross-disciplinary participation is invited. Business and governmental task forces have institutionalized all this, while most universities prefer the old departmental ghettos and clique-think. It is easy to see who is accomplishing more.

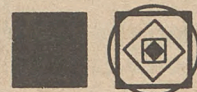
De Bono saves his big gun until near the end. He call it PO—the alternative to YES/NO. He says PO is to lateral thinking what NO is to analytical thinking. It may be short for 'possibly,' or 'maybe so/maybe not'. He wants it used as an interjection. When someone says something that deserves being challenge, PO! Or when someone dismisses something as impossible or illogical, PO! Anyway, PO says 'why not' to impossibles, and 'why' to clichés; he calls it an anti-arrogance device.

He also suggests its use to yoke words or ideas which may or may not suggest further thinking, reversing, etc.—milk po electric, up po down, liquid po solid, tree po wheels, and so on.

A usable word, with a nice sound (like saying PUNG! in mah-jong), and a valid challenge to the dualistic, cybernetic, simplistic either/or, on/off, go/no go new-think of our time.

So lateral thinking is concerned with generating new ideas, creativity, insight

its kinship is with games, riddles, puzzles, and detective stories; it proposes strategies for loosening up our rigid habits of thinking; and it tells us to go back to our original creative, inventive, problem-solving powers we have let atrophy for the services of experts and how-to-do-its like LATERAL THINKING itself.



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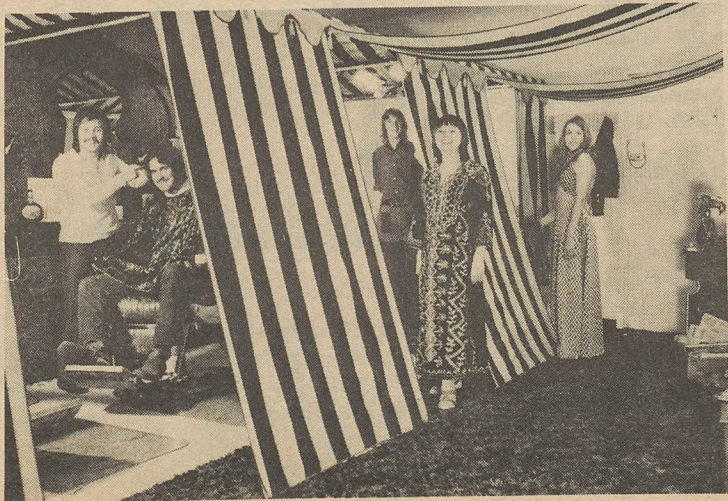
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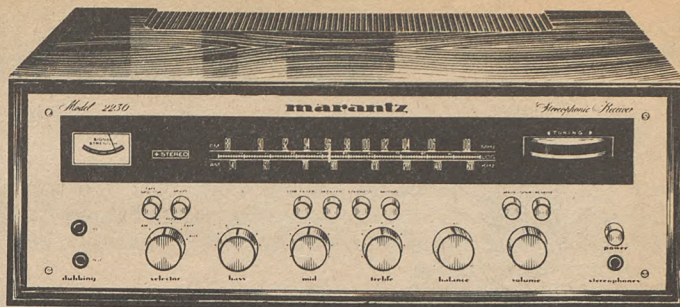
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# WORKIN

Mike Hogan

4-24-72 When Jim Stafford opened the first set at the Cellar Door we thought the management was initiating a hire-the-handicapped program because Stafford seemed to be one of the lamest comedians we'd ever seen. Fortunately, he was able to cure himself as the evening passed.

He made no bones about being the club's token redneck and then spent most of his routine talking about S-E-X. He talked about other things too, but mostly it was sex and variations on the theme. He also managed to have an argument with

his cassette tape recorder over the details of some story about a mule. Anyway, to keep a longer story short, the tape recorder got pissed off and told Stafford to shove it up his ass. His timing on the argument was excellent and it came off superbly, if not a bit surrealistically.

There should be a contest to find a term to describe Dan Hicks' music. There wouldn't be a winner, but it'd be interesting to see the entries. There's a bit of... country, a bit of the 20s, a bit of folk, a bit of roll, a bit of...well, a bit of everything. Most of all they are the most entertaining group we've seen at the Door.

Although the attention usually centers around Dan and the Lickettes (Naomi and Maryann). The non-vocal members of the Hot Licks (Violin Sid, Guitar John and Bass Jaime) have their own visual attraction, not to mention their own mentionable instrumental excellence, especially Sid's violin finesse (like his solo on "I Scare Myself") and the good natured interplay between guitar and bass.

Actually, Ben Sidran (ex-Steve Miller Band) summed it up quite nicely in the bit he wrote for Hicks' latest album when he noted that a) Hicks uses "the mood of the past to rewire your brain for the future" and b) he "Can be very funny in a serious way." Gangster that he is, Dan Hicks (and his Hot Licks) are a real treat deserving of five stars, a bullet, and some long overdue recognition.

4-29-72 Was "Cocker Power" ever more than a myth? Does it really signify anything more than a flash in the brain of some member of A & M's publicity dept.? We think it was and does and there's certainly a good amount of solid evidence to support the concept of "Cocker Power". Trouble is, where was it Saturday night? Cocker was there with a very tight, solidly R & B band, yet it seemed like only the motions of performing were being gone through; the feeling had been drained and lost along the road somewhere. Oh, there were a few times when things kindled the low spark of high heeled boys; but they were scarce. "Black-Eyed Blues", which, while not close to his best work, is at least Cocker's affirmation of his fascination for Rhythm and Blues and can be appreciated for that alone. For us, the tune that held the most promise for intense excitement was that one which had Joe singing a falsetto line alternating with his backup chorus (we didn't catch the song's title 'cause everything Cocker said 'twixt tunes was mumbled).

Two notable failings reveal themselves when going back over Cocker's performance: a) his material had little variety; the pace of the program stifled any chance that things would open up, and b) nearly all the tunes he chose to do were overly

Another viewer, whose judgement we'll vouch for, took a look at Cocker through a pair of binoculars and described his appearance in one word: Wired. Unavoidably, and unfortunately, Joe's condition, as well as that of his band, dimmed the sparkle of what should have been THE concert.

## Poetry Reading

### A Review

Community Book Shop, Monday, April 17, 1972

Due largely to the efforts of Michael Lally, Community Book Shop has become the focal point for poet energy in Washington, D. C. At a recent reading, The Mass Transit Workshop, previously functioning as a kind of open forum for poets, gave the floor up exclusively to Gabrielle Edgcomb and Ed Cox. The format was essentially informal with the singular voices of Edgcomb and Cox wearing an irregular but interesting pattern.

Readings of this nature are tentatively scheduled to occur every third or forth week, with the remaining month's Monday continuing the workshop experience.

Gabrielle Edgcomb, whose work has been published in Woodwind, Liberation, and the Colonial Times, gave an accomplished reading. She knows

her work well and so did the audience by the time she had finished. She has a kind of quiet wisdom. One only wishes she were more prolific.

Ed Cox, who volunteered that he had read for the first time two months previous, was slightly addled, slightly self conscious, and relative to the quality of his poetry, the least pretentious poet I've ever heard read. His work is packed with controlled persona? statement, organic rhythms, and a natural honesty that holds immediate appeal for the listener.

In the audience was a mixture of old and new faces. Washington Poets, and there are many of them, are stepping forward. I should personally like to see the Establishment poets; from the intersexual communities of universities, the library of Congress, etc, join in this vitalization process.

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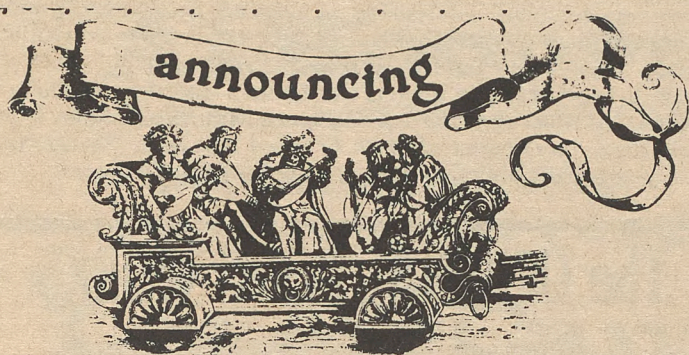
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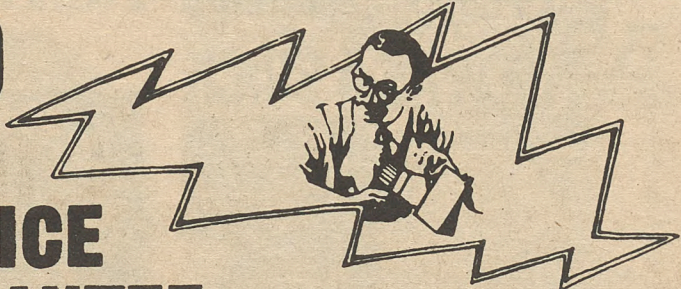
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# Conference of Women in the Visual Arts

by Marianne LaRoche

Like so many young artists—especially women—just out of the boot camp of college art school, confused and bewildered by the hidden complexities of the big time—the “art world” outside university walls, I was excited to hear that a national conference of women working in all phases of the visual arts would be held in Washington.

That the Conference of Women in the Visual Arts materialized late last month at the Corcoran Gallery of Art delighted me and was certainly a tribute to the initial idea and hard work of the seven local women who organized it, and the countless others who helped it along.

I went to the conference curious, not knowing quite what to expect, but knowing that it would certainly benefit me to learn from professionals—women artists, art historians, critics, museum curators and staffers, educators and gallery owners—who have been dealing with the frustrating discrimination against women in the field.

How is one supposed to deal with such an overpowering and unfortunate state of affairs? Perhaps I was looking for possibilities, not pat answers.

What I found at the conference simply amazed me. What I had heard second hand, and had felt consciously and subconsciously regarding not only discrimination but more basically self motivation, the lack of self esteem (in the face of hundreds of thousands of male artists, male students and male value judgements) was a mere drizzle compared to the outpouring of documented and personal example after example, from women in all parts of the country and field within art.

If I had thought I knew already that women who seek to be taken seriously in the art world have great problems showing in galleries, getting reviewed in art magazines, or having an important collector by apiece; if I thought only half heartedly, that art schools and universities were screwing the women students by hiring so few women to teach them; that male professors often cannot relate to women's art—either in imagery, subject matter or medium; if I knew all this before I went to the conference, then it was incredibly good to hear other experienced women artists say it too.

There were real flesh and blood artists—women who were working like hell making art—at last made visible. Time and time again, people voiced the same making art—at last made visible. Time and time again, people voiced the same thought—where have we been all this time? At last we can see each other. We can identify with each other.

When artists Judy Chicago and Miriam Schapiro, creators of the feminist art program at the California Institute of the Arts showed slides of Womanhouse, there were audible gasps and other affirmative reactions from the conference delegates.

Womanhouse, the work of the students in the feminist art program, once an abandoned ruined home in L.A., was turned into an environment for and about women—with such rooms as the “Fear Bathroom,” the “Incontinent Kitchen” with its flesh colored walls and fried egg-breast shapes on the ceiling.

You could actually feel the women identifying with the pieces in the house—they giggled at the familiar cultural stereotypes depicted in the exaggeration of lipstick bathroom, the tsk-tsk menstruation bathroom and the stuffed lingerie pollows. They found an ironical part of themselves in the woman trapped in the linen closet. They applauded at the end of the slides.

Womanhouse also pointed out the artistic validity, in fact, the equipotency of using materials that have traditionally been looked down upon as crafts—crochet, dolls, quilting, papier mache—and which have traditionally been relegated to women—“Women's work.”

That many women have manager to overcome the stigma of such materials and transform them into powerful art is all the more to their credit and an affirmation of their talent.

In the workshop sessions we learned about the efforts of the New York women's art groups like the Women's Interart Center, The Ad Hoc Women's Committee, Where We At (Black Women Artists) and others who have been picketing museums, starting a slide registry and organizing group shows.

Perhaps one of the most exciting things to result from the conference was a great deal of motivation to form similar groups throughout the country.

In Washington, women interested in forming such a group should contact Barb Strandt at 1730 New Hampshire Ave. Apt 201 Washington, D.C. 20009 (no phone).

W.E.B., West-East Bag, an international liason network of women in the arts also publishes a newsletter which can be obtained at: P.O. Box 539, New York, N.Y. 10013, and which might contain more information about the work of the New York Groups.

The concepts of the women's art groups point out, perhaps the most valuable lesson I learned at the Conference.

The idea of sharing, of helping each other out rather than resorting to the male art world's way of kill or be killed, is something many women in the arts are trying as a way to thwart the existing system.

At least, the figure, it's worth a real good try. As the conference organizers wrote in the program booklet, “Above all, we have learned that sisterhood is powerful. Sisterhood isn't half as powerful as it could be.”



# COUNTERNOTES

Tim Hogan

BLACKNUSS — Roland Kirk — Atlantic SD1601

Kirk is probably the bossman when it comes to playing jazz on a personal basis. His style of playing, his breathing technique, lets you know all that music comes from a human being, not a studio machine. After his last release, *Natural Black Inventions*, which was insanely beautiful, this set is like a breathing spell after a parachute jump. There's a cross section of today's black pop music (such as "Ain't No Sunshine," "What's Going On," "My Girl") served up in sumptuous style by the boss, which reveals his talent for being as far in as he is far out. Perhaps the two strongest cuts are the two black identity tunes, "One Nation," which features African vocalist Princess Patience Burton and Kirk's own "Blacknuss" which is spelled B flat, L, A flat, C sharp, K, N, U, double S. Allowing that K and N are probably white notes.

SCIENCE FICTION — Ornette Coleman — Columbia

Been waiting a long time for this album, as Ornette has not exactly been over-active in the recording field recently, and meeting the monster it is, head on, is truly stimulating. Beyond Coleman's magnificence, the freedom allowed each sideman on each tune allows each to turn in a 'beyond the call of duty' calibre performance. There's three cuts with vocals, two by the esoteric Bombay-born Asha Puthli, who, on the strength of her style alone, deserves an LP of her own, and the title cut which features poet David Henderson interpolating his well-spaced words with the cosmic textures the group lays down. Coleman's excellence at knowing how best to present a song utilizing horns beyond his own and to choose such able sidemen as Don Cherry (pocket trumpet), Dewey Redman (tenor sax), Bobby Bradford (trumpet) and the unfailingly superb Charlie Haden (bass) and the perfect drummer Ed Blackwell make this gem undoubtedly one of '72's best jazz releases.

FENIX — Gato Barbieri — Flying Dutchman

This is for the kind of jazz lover who is put off by the raucous noise that they refuse to call jazz. An Argentine tenor sax player, Gato is well recognized as one of the few modern musicians who can blend the musics relative to both North and South America and still present an edible piece of wax. He moves, within his own familiarity and taste, as a master of his own derivative style. Derivative from the

likes of Ornette Coleman, Archie Shepp, John Coltrane, Don Cherry and Sonny Rollins, yet a master of his own. And man, that's a mouthful. His excited horn is backed by Ron Carter, Lennie White, and Lennie Liston Smith as rhythm section and two Latin percussionists. All cuts are definitely south of the Equator oriented and yet they hold a crazy relativity to our vibrations, too. Most tasty tunes are the middle cuts on both sides.

BLACK UNITY — Pharoah Sanders — Impulse

I felt kinda funny about this one because there's such a stress on the fact that this is the black man's unity — black music. Being a basically rock oriented honky with a jazz bent ear, I promptly destroyed any demands of color and got hip to the music as a form of communication, feeling a closeness to the vibratory expressiveness of this painting of the hills and valleys of life's struggles. Loving Sanders mainly for his work with Alice Coltrane, from whence comes what might be called Black Classical Consciousness Music, this LP is no betrayal of love. With a basic unit of tenor sax, piano, 2 basses, 2 drummers and a universal array of percussion, Sanders leads this session through 37 minutes of impressions and expressions of life as Blackman. Flowing feelings of human existence, or more pointedly.. black existence.

FAIRYLAND — Larry Coryell — Mega

Recorded live at the 1971 Montreux Jazz Festival, the album features Coryell working with a two man rhythm section, Chuck Rainey (bass) and Pretty Purdie (drums), both of whom have worked with Coryell previously. It's not his best work to date, but does provide a tasty showing of Coryell's mechanics on the guitar. It's easy to follow his leadings as a listener because being good he's a rarity and we all love rarities. Of the four cuts, two register as favorites already; the Country Joe and The Fishish (early on) "Eskdalemuir" — which would naturally leave a heavy scent in anyone's bedroom — and the gung-hohy "Further Explorations For Albert Stinson" of "Jamming with Albert" fame. If you're new to Coryell, then you're better off with Barefoot Boy or the Village Gate live session but if you're old buddies with Larry, you'll want this one., too.

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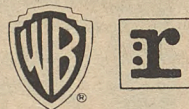
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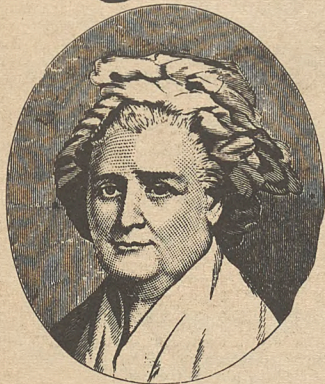
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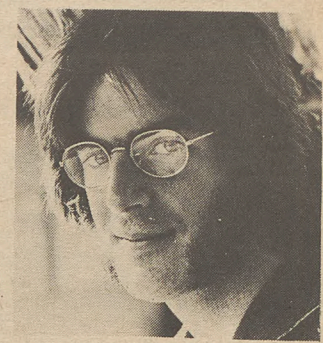
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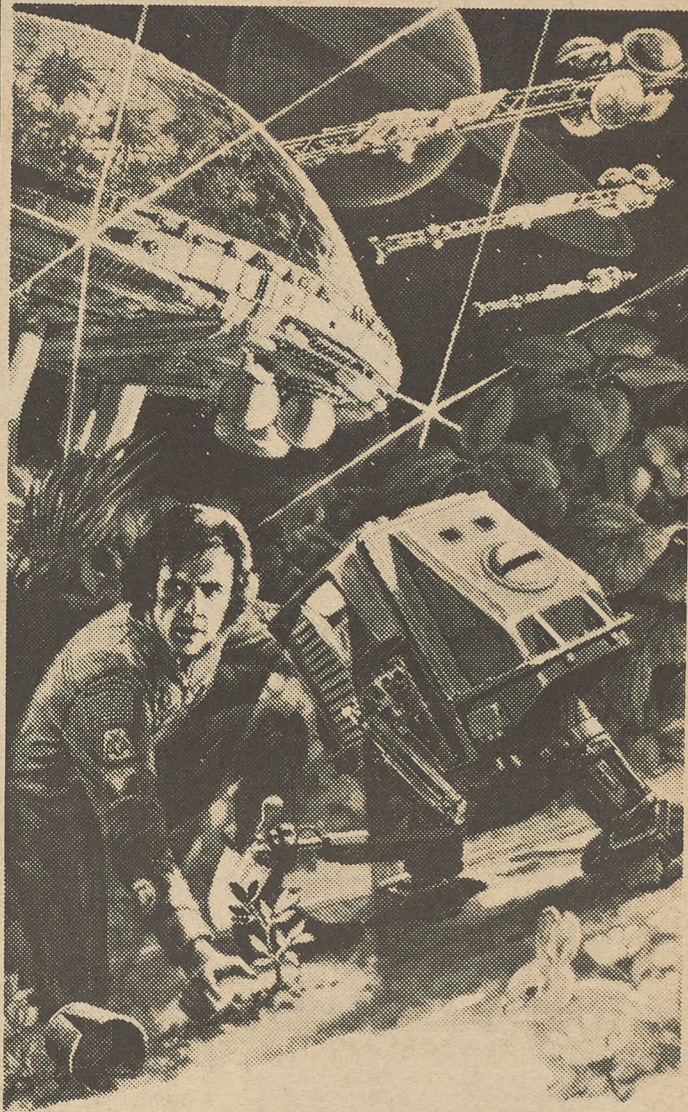
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Written by **DERIC WASHBURN & MIKE CIMINO** and **STEVE BOCHCO**  
Directed by **DOUGLAS TRUMBULL** • Produced by **MICHAEL GRUSKOFF**  
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# CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

MAY 2 — TUESDAY

## Films

"The Hired Hand" and "Two-Lane Black-Top"; Biograph Theatre  
"Signs of Life"; American Film Institute Theatre; 8 P.M.  
"War and Peace"-Part II; Circle Theatre; \$1-\$2

## Theatre

Richard II; Eisenhower Theatre-Kennedy Center; 7:30 P.M. \$5-\$8  
Romeo & Juliet; Folger Theatre; 8 P.M. \$2 & \$3.50  
Status Quo Vadis; Arena Theatre; 8 P.M. \$4.25-\$5.25  
Four Minus One; Washington Theatre Club; 8 P.M.; \$3-\$6  
Godspell; Fords Theatre; 7:30 P.M.; tickets \$6 & \$7  
Company; National Theatre; 8 P.M.; tickets \$3.50-\$11.  
Tiger at the Gates; Hartke Theatre; Catholic U.; 8:30 P.M.

## Concerts

The Changeling-Beau James & Steven Choy; at The Assembly; 9 P.M.  
Al Kooper; Cellar Door  
Roy Buchanan and the Snake Stretchers; My Mother's Place

## Events

"Impressions-The collected works of outstanding Jewish artists";  
PAUL Himelfarb School Bldg.; 7-10 P.M.  
MAY 3 — WEDNESDAY

## Films

"Ulysses" and "Murmur of the Heart"; Biograph Theatre  
"I Love You, I Kill You"; Amer. Film Institute Theatre; 8 P.M.  
"Tristana"; Northern Va. Community College; 8:45 P.M.; free  
Design Films; Smithsonian's National Collection of Fine Arts; show-  
ings from 11 A.M.-2:30 P.M.  
"The Idiot" & "Don Quixote"; Circle Theatre; \$1-\$2

## Theatre

Richard II (see May 2)  
Romeo and Juliet (see May 2)  
Status Quo Vadis (see May 2)  
Four Minus One (see May 2)  
Godspell (see May 2)  
Company (see May 2)  
Tiger at the Gates (see May 2)

## Concerts

Pink Floyd; Concert Hall-Kennedy Center; 8:30 PM; \$4-\$6  
NYCO - "The Makropoulos Affair"; Opera House-Kennedy Center;  
8 PM; Benefit  
Al Kooper (see May 2)  
Roy Buchanan and the Snake Stretchers; My Mother's Place

## Events

"Impressions..." (see May 2)  
Marvelous Land of Oz; Smithsonian Puppet Theatre; 10:30 & 11:30  
AM; adults-\$1.25. children-\$1  
Galactic Evolution; a Planetarium Program at 1426 N. Quincy St.,  
Arlington; 7-8 PM; \$2.50  
African Dance Group; outdoor amphitheatre-Montgomery College;  
12-1 PM  
Contemporary Nigerian Art; Montgomery College Art Gallery; 9-5 PM  
Nigerian Slide-Film Lecture by Michael Cardew; Montgomery  
College; 8 PM  
\*Moratorium Events: 36 hour long reading of the names of the war  
dead by Congress people and their staffs; 12 noon. Drama/liturg  
on "The Air War" read by Judy Collins, William Kunstler,  
Sr. Elizabeth McAlister, Dan Ellsberg; 7 PM West steps of the  
\*Capitol; Memorial service for the war dead. Bring candles; 11:30 PM

MAY 4 — THURSDAY

## Films

"Ulysses" and "Murmur of the Heart"; Biograph Theatre  
"Jonathan"; American Film Institute; 8 PM  
"Inside Red China"; Smithsonian's National Collection of  
Fine Arts; showings from 11 AM-2 PM  
"Peter the Great"; Circle Theatre; \$1-\$2  
"The Sicilian Clan" and "Borsalino"; Circle Theatre' tickets \$1-\$2

## Theatre

Plaza Suite; 3380 Stratford St.; 8:30 PM; \$1.50-\$2.50  
Richard II (see May 2); matinee at 2 PM  
Romeo & Juliet (see May 2)  
Status Quo Vadis (see May 2)  
Four Minus One (see May 2)  
Godspell (see May 2) matinee at 2 PM  
Company (see May 2)  
Summertime; Montgomery Players Playhouse; 8:30 PM  
Tiger at the Gates (see May 2)

## Concerts

Spring Concert; Yorktown High School; 8 PM  
Arlo Guthrie; Concert Hall-Kennedy Center; 8:30 PM; \$4-\$15  
Al Kooper (see May 2)  
Bobby Whitlock; My Mother's Place

## Events

"Impressions..." (see May 2)  
Marvelous Land of Oz (see May 3)  
Contemporary Nigerian Art (see May 3)  
Opr  
Operation Ninos Day; Georgetown U.; 11AM-1PM; tickets 50 cents  
\*Moratorium Events: Federal employees and students will gather at  
McPherson Square, then march down Pennsylvania Ave. to the  
Capitol; 12 noon. City-wide rally with Cong. Bella Abzug, Cong.  
Ron Dellums, and Arty. William Kunstler; 1 PM. Massive lobbying  
on behalf of the Gravel-Mondale-Drinan bill or its equivalent. The  
bill cuts off all funds for U.S. military action in Indochina 30 days  
\*after passage

MAY 5 — FRIDAY

## Films

"Ulysses" and "Murmur of the Heart"; Biograph Theatre  
Fata Morgana & Salome; Amer. Film Institute Theater; 8 PM  
"The Fixer" and "The Luck of Ginger Coffey"; Circle Theatre;  
\$1-\$2  
"The Sicilian Clan" and "Borsalino" (see May 4)

## Theatre

Plaza Suite (see May 4)  
Richard II (see May 2)  
Romeo & Juliet (see May 2)  
Status Quo Vadis (see May 2); \$4.75-\$6.25  
Four Minus One (see May 2)  
Godspell (see May 2)  
Company (see May 2)

Flowers for Algernon; T.C. Williams High; 8 PM tickets  
\$1 students, \$1.50 adults  
Summertime (see May 4)  
Tiger at the Gates (see May 2)

## Concerts

NYCO-"Marriage of Figaro"; Opera House-Kennedy Center  
8 PM; \$4-\$15  
Bethesda-Chevy Chase Symphony; Concert Hall-Kennedy Center;  
8 PM; \$4-\$15  
Dance Experience; American U.; 8 & 10:30 PM; \$1.75  
B.B. King; Stardust Inn  
Al Kooper (see May 2)  
Roy Buchanan and the Snake Stretchers; My Mother's Place

## Events

"Impressions..." (see May 2); 11AM-3PM  
Marvelous Land of Oz (see May 3); 10:30, 12:30, & 2:30  
Contemporary Nigerian Art (see May 3)

MAY 6 — SATURDAY

## Films

"Pretty Maids All in a Row" and "Shaft"; Biograph Theatre  
Mathius Kinoissel; Amer. Film Institute Theatre; 8 PM  
Nature Films; Gulf Branch Nature Center, Arlington; 2 PM  
"Inside Red China" (see May 4)  
"The Fixer" and "The Luck of Ginger Coffey" (see May 5)  
"The Sicilian Clan" and "Borsalino" (see May 4)

## Theatre

Plaza Suite (see May 4)  
Richard II (see May 2); matinee at 2 PM  
Romeo & Juliet (see May 2)  
Status Quo Vadis (see May 5); matinee at 2 PM  
Four Minus One (see May 2); shows at 6 & 9 PM  
Godspell; (see May 2); 6:30 & 9:30  
Company (see May 2); matinee at 2 PM  
Summertime (see May 4)  
Tiger at the Gates (see May 2)

## Concerts

Washington Performing Arts Society-Lecthyne Price; 8:30 PM;  
\$4.50-\$10 Concert Hall-Kennedy Center  
NYCO-"Madame Butterfly"; Opera House-Kennedy Center; 2 & 8 PM;  
\$4-\$12  
Dance Experience (see May 5)  
B.B. King; Stardust Inn  
Al Kooper (see May 2)  
Roy Buchanan and the Snake Stretchers; My Mother's Place

## Events

Marvelous Land of Oz (see May 5)  
Open Dance, "Star Squares" & Family Square Dance; Lubber Run  
Recreation Center; 8:30 PM  
Pottery Demonstration; Smithsonian's National Collection of Fine  
Arts; 8:30 PM  
Turkish Folk Dance Workshop (Beginning and Intermediate); Wood-  
side Elementary School; 2-5 PM; \$1.75  
Turkish Folk Dance Workshop; Wheaton Youth Center; 8-11 PM. \$2  
Women's Commission on abortion & forced sterilization; St.  
Marks Church; 2 PM

MAY 7 — SUNDAY

## Films

"Pretty Maids all in a Row" and "Shaft"; Biograph Theatre  
"Why Did Herr R. Run Amok?"; A.F.I. Theatre; 8 PM  
Nature Films (see May 6)  
"The Overcoat" and "And Quiet Flows the Don"; Circle Theatre;  
tickets \$1 - \$2  
"Maltese Falcon" and "The Big Sleep"; Circle Theatre; tickets \$1-\$2

## Theatre

Tiger at the Gates (last performance); Hartke Hall at  
Catholic U.; 8:30 PM 2:30 & 7 PM  
Romeo & Juliet (see May 2); matinee at 3 PM  
Status Quo Vadis (see May 2); matinee at 2 PM  
Four Minus One (see May 2); matinee at 3 PM  
Godspell; (see May 2); matinee at 3 PM  
Company (see May 2)

## Concerts

Northern Va. Youth Workshop Orchestra; Falls Church H.S.;  
3 PM; \$1  
Rock Concert; Lubber Run Amphitheatre; 2-4 PM  
Arlington Metropolitan Chorus; Bach B Minor Mass; Wash.-Lee H.S.;  
8 PM; \$1.50-\$2.50  
NYCO-"Marriage of Figaro" and "The Marketplac  
NYCO-"Marriage of Figaro" and "The Makropoulos Affair";  
Opera House-Kennedy Center; 2 & 8 PM; \$4-\$15  
Earl Scruggs; Concert Hall-Kennedy Center; 8:30 PM  
Dance Experience (see May 5); show at 8 PM  
B.B. King; Stardust Inn  
Hootenanny; Cellar Door

## Events

"Impressions..." (see May 2)  
Marvelous Land of Oz (see May 5)  
Turkish Folk Dancing (Advanced); Wheaton Youth Center;  
2-5 PM; \$1.75

MAY 8 — MONDAY

## Films

"Pretty Maids all in a Row" and "Shaft"; Biograph Theatre  
"The Overcoat" and "And Quiet Flows the Don" (see May 7)  
"Maltese Falcon" and "The Big Sleep" (see May 7)

## Theatre

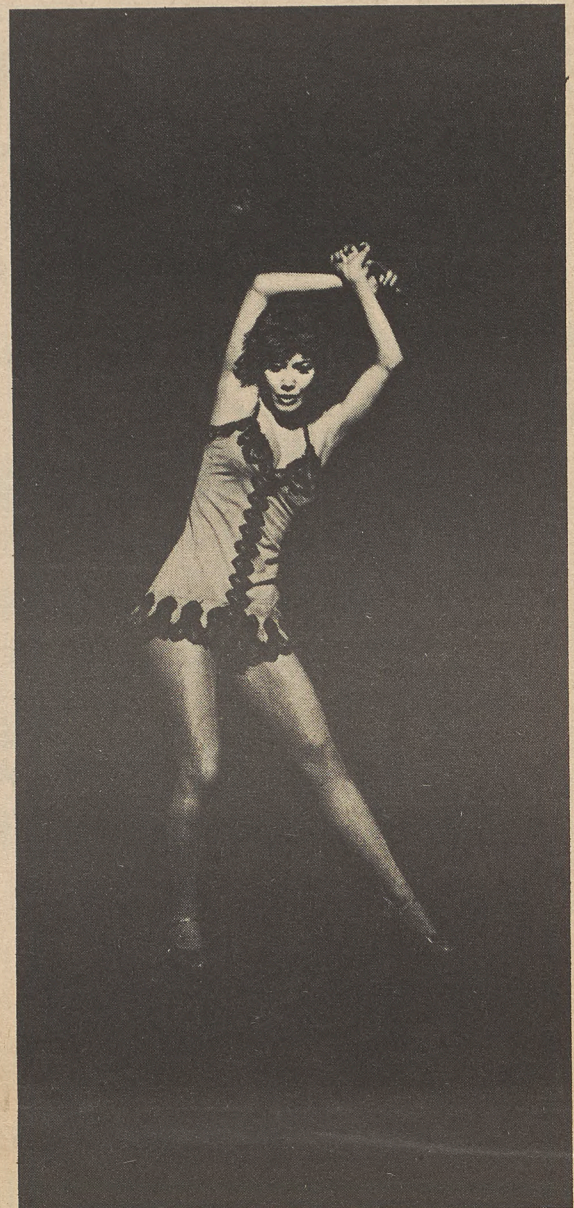
Richard II (see May 2)

## Concerts

U. of Maryland Glee Club Pops Concert; Ritchie Coliseum; 8:15 PM  
Les McCann; Cellar Door  
B.B. King; Stardust Inn  
Theatre Chamber Players; Washington Theatre Club; 8:30 PM;  
tickets \$4.68, students \$2.08  
Piano Recital, Jorge Yulveta; Corcoran Gallery of Art; 8 PM; free

## Events

Contemporary Nigerian Art (see May 3)



MAY 9 — TUESDAY

## Films

"Candy" and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"; Biograph Theatre  
"The Confessions of Felix Krull" and "The Captain From Kopenick"  
Circle Theatre; \$1-\$2  
"Maltese Falcon" and "The Big Sleep" (see May 7)

## Theatre

Richard II (see May 2)  
Status Quo Vadis (see May 2)  
Godspell (see May 2)  
Company (see May 2)

## Concerts

NYCO-"Madame Butterfly"; Opera House-Kennedy Center; 8 PM.  
\$4-\$15  
American Youth Singers (by invitation only); Concert Hall-Kennedy  
Center; 8:30 PM  
Les McCann (see May 8)  
Tractor; My Mother's Place  
Tractor; My Mother's Place

## Events

Contemporary Nigerian Art (see May 3)

MAY 10 — WEDNESDAY

## Films

"Candy" and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"; Biograph Theatre  
"The Hunters are Hunted"; A.F.I. Theatre; 8 PM  
"The Paradine Case"; Northern Va. Community College; 8:45 PM;  
free  
"The Trial" and "The Castle"; Inner Circle Theatre  
"Mafioso" and "The Assassination Bureau"; Circle Theatre

## Theatre

Richard II (see May 3)  
Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope (see May 2)  
Status Quo Vadis (see May 2)  
Four Minus One (see May 2)  
Godspell (see May 2)  
Company (see May 2)

## Concerts

NYCO- Roberto Devereux; Opera House-Kennedy Center; 8 PM;  
tickets \$4-\$15  
National Children's Choir; Concert Hall-Kennedy Center; 8:30 PM  
John Sebastian and John Prine; Constitution Hall; 8:30 PM;  
tickets \$3.50-\$6.50  
Les McCann (see May 8)  
Tractor; My Mother's Place

## Events

Marvelous Land of Oz (see May 3)  
Contemporary Nigerian Art (see May 3)





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#### Concerts on the East Coast

May 4-7—Florida Folk Festival; White Springs, Florida  
 May 5-6—Cobb Bluegrass Festival; North Georgia State Fairground, Marietta Ga.  
 May 5-7—First Annual Spring Bluegrass Festival; Bluegrass Cove Amelia Va.  
 May 5—Jeff Beck Group; Carnegie Hall, N. Y. C.; 8 to 11:30 p.m., tickets \$4.50-\$6.50.  
 May 6-7—Second Annual Low Country Bluegrass Music Festival; Varnville, So. Carolina.  
 May 6—Richie Havens; Capital Theatre, N.Y.C.; 8 to 11 p.m., tickets \$4.75 and \$5.75.  
 May 12-14—4th Annual Spring Bluegrass Festival; Take-it-Easy-Ranch, Callaway Maryland.  
 May 13—Centennial Fiddler's Convention; Birmingham Alabama.  
 May 13—Jethro Tull and Wild Turkey; Nassau Coliseum N.Y.C. 8 p.m.; tickets \$4.50-\$6.50.  
 May 18-21—Second Annual Montgomery County Bluegrass Music Festival; Troy, No. Carolina.  
 May 19-21—16th Annual Pittsburg Folk Festival; Civic Arena, Pittsburg Pa.  
 May 20—Kenwood Folk Festival; Kenwood Academy, Albany N.Y.  
 May 20—2nd Annual Bluegrass Fiddler's Convention; Iredell County Fairgrounds, Statesville No. Carolina.  
 May 26—The Byrds and Eric Anderson; Ritz Theatre, Staten Island, N.Y.; 8 to 11:30 p.m.; tickets \$4.75 and \$5.75.  
 July 4—Rolling Stones appearing July 4 at the Kennedy Stadium—All information should be directed to Electric Factory Concerts—215-732-3111.

#### MAY 13 ——— SATURDAY

##### Films

"Putney Swope" and "Trash"; Biograph Theatre  
 "How I Became a Negro"; A.F.I. Theatre; 8 PM  
 "Ulysses" and "Devil's Disciple"; Inner Circle Theatre  
 "Key Largo" and "High Sierra" (see May 12)

##### Theatre

Richard II (see May 6)  
 Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope (see May 2)  
 Status Quo Vadis (see May 12); matinee at 2 PM  
 Four Minus One  
 Four Minus One (see May 2); shows at 6 & 9 PM  
 Godspell (see May 2); 6:30 & 9:30 PM  
 Company (see May 2); matinee at 2 PM  
 Summertime (see May 4)

##### Concerts

Jazz Cavalcade '72; Concert Hall-Kennedy Center; 8:30 PM  
 NYCO-La Boheme; Opera House-Kennedy Center; 2 PM; tickets \$3.50-\$12  
 NYCO-Marriage of Figaro; Opera House-Kennedy Center; 8 PM; tickets \$4-\$15  
 Les McCann (see May 8)  
 Tractor; My Mother's Place  
 Requiem by Verdi; Washington Cathedral; 8 PM; tickets \$3-\$10

##### Events

Fund Raising Walk by Young World Development; for info call : 946-5765  
 Marvelous Land Of Oz (see May 5)  
 See & Do Day for Children; Smithsonian's National Collection of Fine Arts; 10-12 noon, and 2-4 PM; free

#### MAY 14 ——— SUNDAY

##### Films

"The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kombak"; A.F.I. Theatre; 8 PM  
 "Oliver Twist" and "Animal Farm"; Inner Circle Theatre  
 "On the Waterfront" and "The Killing"; Circle Theatre

##### Theatre

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope (see May 2)  
 Status Quo Vadis (see May 2); matinee at 2 PM  
 Four Minus One (see May 2); matinee at 3 PM  
 Godspell (see May 2); matinee at 3 PM  
 Company (see May 2)

##### Concerts

NYCO-Madame Butterfly; Opera House-Kennedy Center; 2 PM; tickets \$3.50-\$12  
 NYCO-La Boheme (see May 11)  
 Nils Lofgren, Grin & Alex Taylor; Concert Hall-Kennedy Center; 8:30 PM; tickets \$4.50 & \$5.50  
 Hootenanny; Cellar Door  
 Tractor; My Mother's Place

#### MAY 15 ——— MONDAY

##### Films

"Lenz"; A.F.I. Theatre; 8 PM  
 "Oliver Twist" and "Animal Farm"; Inner Circle Theatre  
 "On the Waterfront" and "The Killing" (see May 14)

##### Theatre

Richard II (see May 3)  
 Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope (see May 2)

##### Concerts

Isaac Hayes; Concert Hall-Kennedy Center; 8 & 11 PM; tickets \$10  
 Cheech and Chong; Cellar Door

#### MAY 16 ——— TUESDAY

##### Films

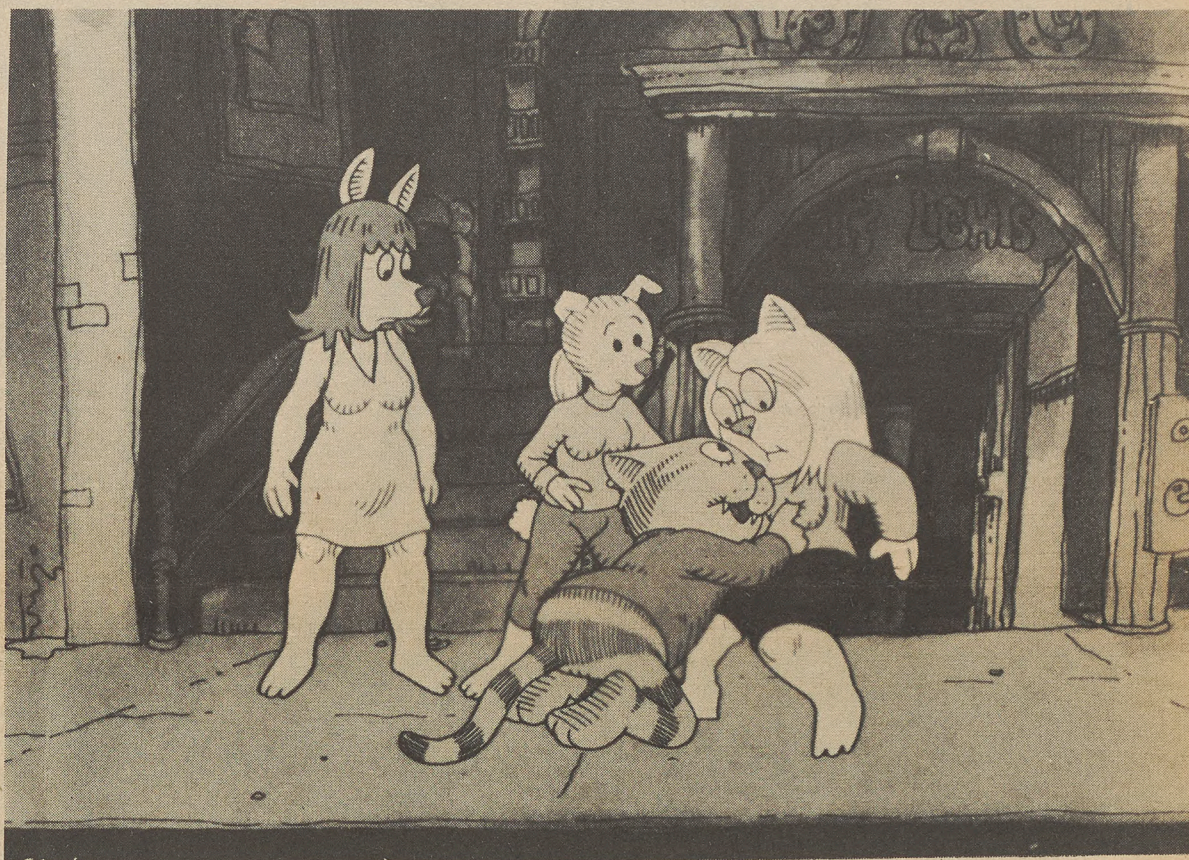
"The Magus" and "A View from the Bridge"; Inner Circle Theatre  
 "On the Waterfront" and "The Killing" (see May 14)

##### Theatre

Richard II (see May 3)  
 Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope (see May 2)  
 Four Minus One (see May 2)  
 Godspell (see May 2)  
 Company (see May 2)

##### Concerts

Englebert Humperdink; Hampton Roads Colliseum  
 Van Morrison and Chris Smithers; Constitution Hall; 8 PM; tickets \$4-\$6  
 Cheech and Chong; Cellar Door



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#### MAY 11 ——— THURSDAY

##### Films

"Candy" and "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"; Biograph Theatre  
 "The Hunters are Hunted"; A.F.I. Theatre; 8 PM  
 "Of Mice and Men" and "And Then There Were None"; Inner Circle Theatre  
 "Mafioso" and "The Assassination Bureau" (see May 010)

##### Theatre

Richard II S  
 Richard II (see May 4)  
 Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope (see May 2)  
 Status Quo Vadis (see May 2)  
 Four Minus One (see May 2)  
 Godspell (see May 2); matinee at 2 PM  
 Company (see May 2)  
 Summertime (see May 4)

##### Concerts

NYCO- La Boheme; Opera House-Kennedy Center; 8 PM; tickets \$4-\$15  
 Les McCann (see May 8)  
 Tractor; My Mother's Place

##### Events

Marvelous Land of Oz (see May 3)  
 Contemporary Nigerian Art (see May 3)

#### MAY 12 ——— FRIDAY

##### Films

"Putney Swope" and "Trash"; Biograph Theatre  
 "Artists at the Top of the Big Top, Disoriented"; A.F.I. Theatre; 8 PM  
 "Ulysses" and "Devil's Disciples"; Inner Circle Theatre  
 "Key Largo" and "High Sierra"; Circle Theatre

##### Theatre


Richard II (see May 5)  
 Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope (see May 2)  
 Status Quo Vadis (see May 2); \$4.75-\$6.25  
 Four Minus One (see May 2)  
 Godspell (see May 2)  
 Company (see May 2)  
 Summertime (see May 4)

#### Concerts

NYCO- The Makropoulos Affair; Opera House-Kennedy Center; 8 PM; tickets \$4-\$15  
 Chris Williamson & Geoffrey; Concert Hall-Kennedy Center; 8:30 PM  
 Paul Revere & the Raiders; Stardust Inn  
 Les McCann (see May 8)  
 Tractor; My Mother's Place

##### Events

Marvelous Land of Oz (see May 5)



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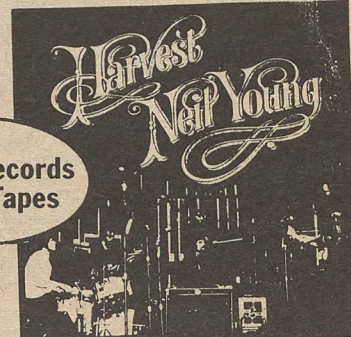
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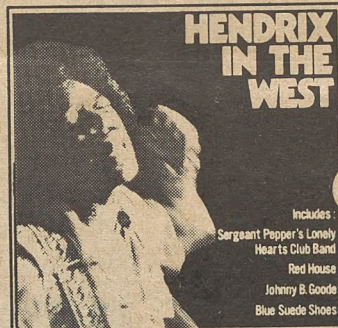
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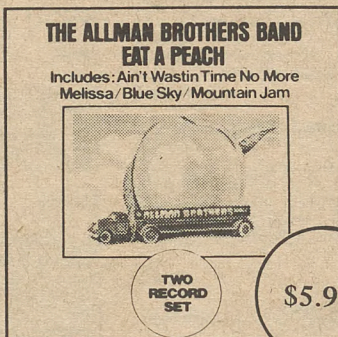
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